THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CX.—No. 1427

APRIL 22, 1931

[Registered at the G.P.O as a Newspaper

"The Truth About Women": By *LADY (HAMILTON) GRANT*

The BYSTANDER

1/-

DEAFNESS DEFEATED

BY NEW PRACTICALLY INVISIBLE METHOD
Backed by Unique Service and Guarantee.

Mr. R. H. Dent has established the world's greatest organisation in the service of the deaf, where those seeking hearing can get it and those who have found hearing through "ARDENTE" may always receive help. The new NATURELLE "ARDENTE" WRIST BUTTON (Ear skin shade) gives TRUE-TO-TONE hearing to be "hard-of-hearing" or acutely deaf (head noises) from various angles—conversation, music, church, wireless, sport, shopping, etc.—removing the isolating handicap. Endorsed by the leading Aurists and used by many deaf doctors, Social Leaders, Church Dignitaries, Business men, etc., in all parts of the world. Entirely different, uncopyable and guaranteed. Inconspicuous for men and women in day, evening, or sports clothes.—Call or Write. No Consultation Fee. Free Home Tests Arranged. Commended by EVERY important BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.

309, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1

Phone: Mayfair 1380/1718.

206 Sauchiehall St. Glasgow.
27, King St., Manchester
9, Duke St., CARDIFF.
23 Blackett St., Newcastle.
118, New St., Birmingham.
111, Princes St., Edinburgh
37 Jamieson St., HULL
64, Park St., BRISTOL.
271, High St., EXETER.
97, Grafton St., DUBLIN.
30 Wellington Place, Belfast

MR. R. H. DENT'S Ardente FOR DEAF EARS

BOLLINGER'S CHAMPAGNE

Special Cuvée

By Appointment to H.M. KING GEORGE V.

Does not this Appeal of the Children Touch Your Heart?

1,100 young children, some fatherless, some motherless, some total orphans, but all taken from dire poverty, are now under the care of

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

(Founded 1843)

2s. 6d. will keep the Homes and Training Ship for one minute.

£7 10s. 0d. will keep the Homes and Training Ship for one hour.

Please send a gift to help the Society in this great work of caring for, and providing for, these young ones.

164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

JUAN les PINS

Its Favourite Hotel:
LE PROVENÇAL

MERRY NEW CASINO

Obtainable Everywhere

HENNESSY
LIQUEUR X.O. BRANDY
GUARANTEED OVER 40 YEARS OLD
The Brandy that made Cognac famous

TENNENT'S

Established 1745.

TRADE MARK T

Originally Founded 1556.

BRITISH LAGER

J. & R. Tennent, Ltd., Wellpark Brewery, Glasgow.
THE LARGEST EXPORTERS OF BRITISH BOTTLED BEERS.

Banish Headaches swiftly — take

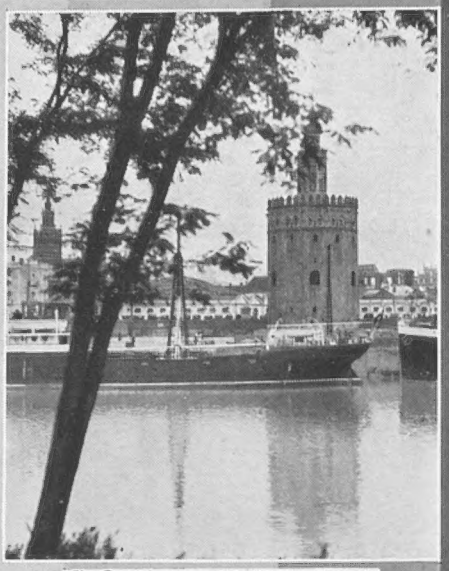
GENASPRIN

THE SAFE BRAND

PRICE ONE SHILLING; By Inland Post 1s. 1½d. OFFICES—LONDON: Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. PARIS: 65-67, Avenue des Champs-Elysées, Paris, viii.

SEVILLE (SPAIN)

A religious brotherhood.



The Guadalquivir and the "Torre del Oro".

Holy Week. Watching procession.

Procession of Dawn.

"Calle de la Pimienta."

Holy Week. Virgin of "Esperanza" passing through "Macarena" Arch.

VISIT SPAIN where Sun is Shining and Life is Smiling

The Country of Romance, which offers attractions of many kinds. A journey across Spain takes one through towering mountains into villages with a charm all their own, inhabited by conservative, picturesque peasants whose courtesy is proverbial. In sharp distinction to this Arcadian existence, cities abound, impressive with churches, gracious with ruins and relics of days gone by. For the artist there are not only pictures painted by great craftsmen, but also those limned on the canvas of the sky.

On the purely material side, Spain offers comfort unexcelled by any country in the world. Though intensely conservative, even primitive in parts, the most modern conveniences are available. Together with this there is a geniality of welcome extended by the Spanish which enhances the more solid attractions of the land.

In these days of economic depression money is a prime consideration. Spain is essentially an inexpensive country. Even the most luxurious hotels are considerably cheaper than those of equal rank in many other lands, while hotels of the second class are moderate and offer every possible comfort to the patron.

For all information and literature apply to the Offices of the Spanish National Travel Board at **PARIS,** *12, Boulevard de la Madeleine;* **NEW YORK,** *695 Fifth Avenue;* **ROME,** *9, Via Condotti;* **MUNICH,** *6, Residenzstrasse;* **GIBRALTAR,** *63-67, Main Street. At* **LONDON** *and other cities apply to Thos. Cook & Son's and Wagons Lits Agencies, or any other Travel Agency.*

the passing hour

Wide World

FIFTY-SEVEN ROYALTIES AS WEDDING GUESTS

Among the hundreds of guests who attended the wedding of the Comte de Paris and Princess Isabelle d'Orleans-Braganza at Palermo were no fewer than fifty-seven European princes and princesses. Guests are seen cheering the bride and bridegroom at the reception, which was held at the Château de Palermo. The bride later threw her bouquet to the guests below, who scrambled frantically for sprays to take away as souvenirs

THE sudden way in which the Spanish Throne tottered and fell was not unexpected by King Alfonso. When he came over to England three weeks before he had to flee the country, he brought with him the Crown jewels, as well as more than one and a half million pounds' worth of negotiable bonds. These have been shrewdly re-invested in English and American stocks, and so, as a personal friend of his said to me complacently, "he is quite all right financially. He has bags of money, in fact."

IN this way King Alfonso is much more fortunate than King Manoel of Portugal, King George of Greece, Prince Peter of Montenegro, and King Ferdinand of Bulgaria. The Kaiser, of course, is still a double millionaire. Meantime, the Spanish Royalists believe that the new régime, if not directly actuated by Russia, is at least partially Communistic in origin, and that the Spaniards, who like the pomp and pageantry which goes with grandees and monarchy, will very soon ask King Alfonso to return and save them from the drabness of Republicanism.

IT will be noticed that I have very carefully omitted the "Ex" before the names of the various exiled monarchs to whom I have referred.

Central News

Princess Isabelle d'Orleans-Braganza wearing the dress in which she was married to the Comte de Paris, the son of the Duc de Guise, Pretender to the throne of France. The ceremony took place in Palermo Cathedral, and was conducted by the Archbishop, Cardinal Lavitrano

ROYALTY AND REPUBLICANS IN TROUBLED SPAIN

RIOTS IN MADRID

Two photographs taken during the recent fateful Municipal Elections in Madrid, which resulted in a Republican victory of so sweeping a nature as to sur compel King Alfonso to issue his dramatic manifesto and to quit Spain by Cartagena, leaving the Queen and the Infantas to follow the next day by trai into France. On the left, the police are seen in conflict with the rioters, and, on the right, crowds are cheering the Repub

A photograph of the Spanish Royal family, the last representatives of the ill-fated Bourbon dynasty, taken at San Sebastian. Seated are the Infanta Beatriz (left), the Infanta Isabel, daughter of the Princess of the Asturias, the Queen Mother, Christina, the Infante Don Juan, the Queen of Spain and the Infanta Christina. Standing are seen the Infante Don Jaime (left), the Infante Don Alfonso, the son of the Infanta Eulalia, the Prince of the Asturias, the King, and the Infante Don Gonzalo

LONDON'S LATEST LUXURY HOTEL

G.P.U.

...rty leaders themselves and to ...e, where they crossed the border

This is in strict accordance with the unwritten etiquette which governs these affairs in this country, and one may be sure that knee-breeches will still be necessary for the men guests at any formal parties given in honour of King Alfonso in London. Señor Don Ramón Pérez de Ayala will succeed the Marquis Merry del Val, and what reception will be accorded him by his countrymen over here remains to be seen. His will be a ticklish job.

KING ALFONSO'S stay in England will add a great deal to the interest of London Society. No doubt, too, he and Queen Ena, Princess Beatrice's daughter, will be seen at Ranelagh, Roehampton and Hurlingham, as well as at Cowes and Ascot. The superstitious, of course, are already pointing again to the fact that he was the thirteenth Alfonso to be King of Spain, and that his decision to leave the country was also made on the thirteenth of the month. That is as may be. I wonder what his horoscope foretells for the next ten years?

The Marquis Merry del Val, the Spanish Ambassador since 1913, who has resigned, following the setting up of the Spanish Republic. He is a very well-known figure in English society and was born and educated in this country

To go from Warwick Castle to a flat in the International Sportsmen's Club must have been a considerable change for Lady Warwick, who has been staying at Grosvenor House. That is what she has been doing temporarily, however, and she has thoroughly enjoyed the experience, too. The International Sportsmen's Club is a tremendous success these days. It is always full, although out of the 2,680 members, more than 850 are Americans. Sixty of these came over for the Grand National.

P. and A.

Queen Ena photographed on her arrival in Paris after her trying journey from Spain. She was accorded a great reception by friends and sympathisers, as was King Alfonso when he joined her later on the same day

GENERAL GUY DAWNAY, the chairman of the Gordon Hotels, who opened Dorchester Hotel, just down Park Lane from Grosvenor House, on Sunday, is a remarkable man. He passed first into the Army on three different occasions. He headed the list of successful candidates for Sandhurst. He headed the list of those who passed in through the Militia, and he headed the list of Oxford undergraduates when they were enabled to pass into the Army from the University. Later on, he achieved the distinction of being the first and only Guards officer to pass in at the top of the list for the Staff College. When the War broke out he was a captain on the retired list. Within fourteen months he was a general. Since then he has become a director of any number of important companies, and is now the power behind the throne of Sir Francis Towle. General Dawnay, who comes of a family of Guards officers, is a very retiring man, and except in the lists of directors you very seldom see his name in print.

THE Dorchester, through the connections of General Dawnay, Sir Francis Towle, and Charles, will be the scene of many big dances this season. The Duke and Duchess of York have both given their patronage to the "Speed" Ball, which is being held there on June 9 in aid of the Royal Air Force Memorial Fund, to celebrate the speed records held by Great Britain. The Duke of Sutherland is president of the ball, and Lord Howe and Sir Malcolm Campbell are chairman and vice-chairman. The patrons and committee include Viscount d'Abernon, Col. the Master of Sempill, the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, Lord Brecknock, and Sir George McLaren Brown.

THE first ball was being held at the Dorchester only last night. At the Lace Ball, Mrs. Inglefield, formerly Mrs. Gould, had promised to wear an old Mechlin lace veil which was the christening gift in 1853 of the Empress Eugénie to her godson, the late Louis Eugene Gould. Mrs. Fitzmaurice of Orkney was to wear old Irish and Brussels lace belonging to her aunt, Lady Henrietta Harvey. Perhaps I will be able to tell you more

"EVE" GOLFERS AT WOODHALL SPA

about this and the three christening parties — on Saturday, Sunday and Monday nights—of the new hotel next week.

THOSE responsible for the Dorchester have certainly not shown any lack of imagination, and many new and novel features are to be found within its walls which, incidentally, rose at a pace that proves we in England can hustle with the best of them when occasion demands. One of the innovations is the vast garages designed for the guests' cars. They are built beneath the grounds of the hotel and are most accessible.

THOSE who enjoy a morning canter in the Row are well catered for, and the Dorchester has its own horses and grooms for the convenience of the guests, and, as it intends to make a big bid for the patronage of the fair sex, there have been installed Turkish baths and slimming and wax baths for the exclusive use of ladies. The Sherry Bar, too, is a new innovation in a West End hotel, and at apéritif time its popularity can never be in doubt.

Photographs

Topical

"EVE'S" LADIES' NORTHERN FOURSOMES AT WOODHALL SPA

The Northern Foursomes, promoted by "Britannia and Eve," and held last week at Woodhall Spa, proved an unqualified success, a very large entry providing some excellent sport. The top photograph shows Miss Eleanor Helme at the seat of office, with Miss Paul, Miss G. E C. Rudgard and Miss P. M. Livingstone. On the left are seen Miss D. Harthill and Miss Enid Wilson setting out to the scene of action, and on the right Mrs. Ernest Hill and Mrs. Percy Garon are enjoying a joke whilst waiting to play

MISS VAN SARNDEREN'S wedding was a very pretty affair. Lady Helen Pleydell-Bouverie, who was one of the bridesmaids, drove to the church with her fiancé, Mr. David Smith, and no doubt made mental notes for her own wedding. Other bridesmaids were Lady Alexandra Haig, who has obviously recovered completely from her appendicitis, Lady Margaret Bingham, Miss Barbara Hoyer-Millar, a sister of the bridegroom.

MR. ADRIAN HOLMAN, the best man, who married Lord Tyrrell's daughter at Nôtre Dame in Paris, when Mr. Hoyer-Millar had, in turn, been *his* best man, must have had vivid recollections of his own wedding. On that occasion French photographers concealed themselves behind tubs of flowers all over the church, and clicked their cameras at the bridal couple as they knelt at the altar, and, in fact, throughout the service. I have never seen anything like it before or since.

MARION HARRIS, who made such a hit at the Café de Paris, can be seen and heard both in *Ever Green* and at Ciro's now. She has been succeeded at The Café by the Two New Yorkers, who have a number of amusing new songs. The other night the place was packed with "well-knowns," including the new baronet, Sir Shirley Worthington-Evans, Mr. Charles Baillie-Hamilton, M.P., together with Lillian Davies, back from New York, Jack Hulbert, Cicely Courtneidge, and other stage stars.

IT is good news that Lord Dufferin is making a good, if slow, recovery from his bad attack of paratyphoid, and that he is now out of danger. He owes a great deal to his wife, the former Miss Maureen Guinness, who has hardly left his bedside for over a month, and has had a most anxious time. In consequence, Lady Dufferin was quite unable to go away to Le Touquet, where I thought I had seen her in the distance, and I take this opportunity of expressing my sincere regrets that, inadvertently, it was said in these columns that she was there. Her

WITH THE DISTAFF SIDE AT THE 'CHASES

many friends are well aware, of course, that Lady Dufferin was never away from her husband's bedside.

ANOTHER country club came into existence over the week-end. This is the Aston Clinton Sports and Country Club Hotel and Restaurant

Alfieri

The Marchioness of Cambridge and Miss Osmunda Hastings on their way to the paddock at the Cheltenham 'Chases. A large and fashionable crowd attended this ever-popular meeting last week

—a long name which, however, embraces every kind of comfort. It is on the main road between Tring and Aylesbury, and an air and motor rally was arranged for the opening day on Saturday, while J. H. Taylor demonstrated his renowned golf strokes, and a physical culture expert gave a series of slimming exercises. An aerial treasure-hunt, a mannequin parade, and the autogiro were other things calculated to keep one amused.

ON Friday the Tring and District Drag Hunt is holding its annual ball there. Aston Clinton is one of the show places of Buckinghamshire, and was rebuilt nearly one hundred years ago by Sir Anthony de Rothschild. A new golf course is being laid out. Guests and members will be able to hunt with the Whaddon, hunters being available next season in the club stables. Lawn-tennis courts, garages, and lock-ups for private aeroplanes are already available.

THANKS to trade depression, income-tax, and kindred evils, more and more English families are leaving this country to live abroad, where they can be free from the perpetual inroads made upon their depleted pockets by final demands and such like. They are, indeed, lucky folk who, at the present time, possess private means or can carry on their vocation on the other side of the

Alfieri

Lady Sibell Lygon, the second daughter of Earl and Countess Beauchamp, and Miss Diana Coventry at last week's Cheltenham meeting. The cold wind made for warm overcoats

English Channel. What the country loses by this exodus it is hard to compute, but it must be a very large sum, and every year it is getting larger.

I HEARD of a case the other day when the income-tax authorities put forward a claim which, according to counsel's opinion, was a preposterous one, and could not legally be enforced. No one was more aware of this than the authorities, who offered to settle for one-third of the sum demanded, with the added threat that if this were not accepted the case would be fought up to the House of Lords. As, win or lose, costs cannot be recovered from the Crown, this meant that, eventually, it would have been more expensive to resist the claim than accept a settlement! Were a private individual to take up such an attitude, a nasty word could be found which would adequately describe it. Apart from that, anyone but a Government official would realise that to drive British citizens abroad means millions of money going out of the country, and that spells further unemployment at home. But the rapacity and stupidity of tax-collectors pass all understanding.

THE arrival of the Queen of Spain and her family, writes our Paris Correspondent, was one of the most moving spectacles ever seen in this city. Hundreds of people of all

L.N.A.

Miss J. Bell going to weigh in after riding her mother's Iliad II to victory in the Ladies' Nomination Open Race at the South Berks Hunt Point-to-Point. The meeting was held at Sonning, near Reading, last week

"CHAPLINITIS" ON THE CÔTE D'AZUR

classes and nationalities had gathered at the Gare d'Orsay. In fact, the excitement and emotion was so intense that when an agent de ville had thoughtlessly allowed a motor bus to block the view of the Royal party emerging from the station the agent de ville was called a "salaud," for which the caller could have been gaoled, and the bus once shunted out of the way, the crowd broke into cheers of "Vive la Reine!"

THERE was not one dissenting voice, and then came one of the most touching expressions of esteem I have ever seen. It was not from curiosity, for by that time the working people should have been on their way to work, but people of every sort, labourers, French bourgeoisie, people in Society, followed the automobiles across the Pont de la Concorde and then walked through the Tuileries, a short cut to the Meurice.

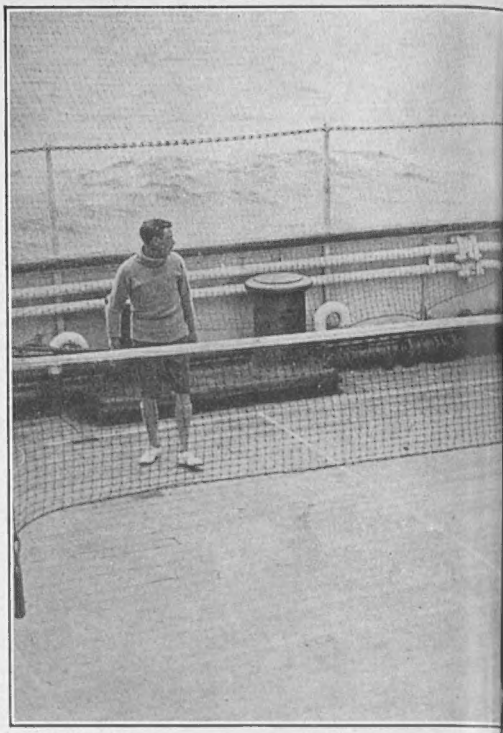
THAT walk through the Tuileries was very imposing, for here was where a King of France had been stormed by a mob, and only a garden remains in place of a palace that was burned during the Commune. For a minute I stood looking through the grill to where the blinds were drawn across nearly the entire second floor of the hotel. Suddenly a window opened and a lady-in-waiting let out a dachshund. He ran up and down the narrow balcony and was then allowed to return.

WITHIN the Meurice everything was quiet. Somehow it was exactly like that hotel during every other visit of the Spanish royalties. A register had been placed in the Rivoli entrance, there were the same top-hatted men, the same smart women. I need not tell their names; there was something almost sacred about it. They were just their friends. . . . And it will be the same thing when they visit England.

THERE can be too much of a thing or person, however good, and, lately, the Riviera has been suffering from an excess of Charlie Chaplinitis, writes our Riviera correspondent. His name appears everywhere; President Doumergue's most successful tour is almost overshadowed; the Prince of Monaco is looked upon as Charlie's host, and the Duke of Connaught has been kept waiting for him! As everyone knows, this happened at the first night of *City Lights* at Monte Carlo, when the entire audience, who had for some mysterious reason to pay 100 francs for every seat in the house, were kept waiting for about an hour because

Lenare

The Hon. Mrs. Charles Baillie-Hamilton, who, with her husband, has just moved into a new house in Tufton Street, Westminster, seen with her little dog, Whisky. The picture is a new style of studio-portrait, being an instantaneous study possessing the qualities of a posed, comparatively slowly taken, studio picture, with the added grace of spontaneity

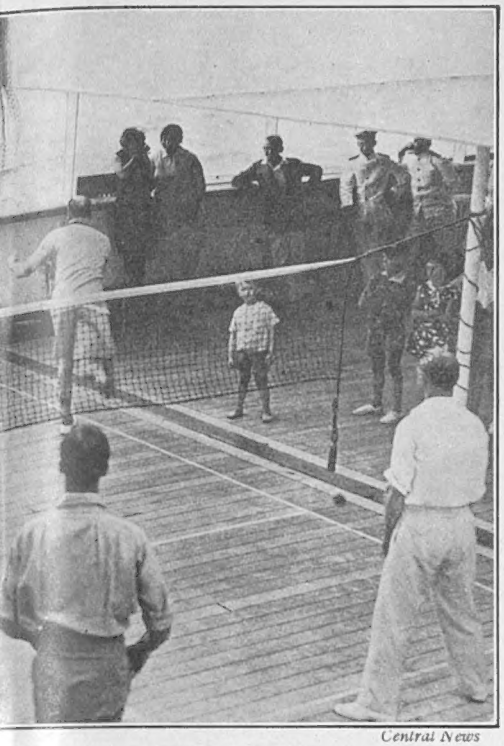


The Prince of Wales's love for physical fitness is well-kno board the liner "Alcantara" enjoying a game of medi is his secret

MISS JUDITH CLIVE Bassano

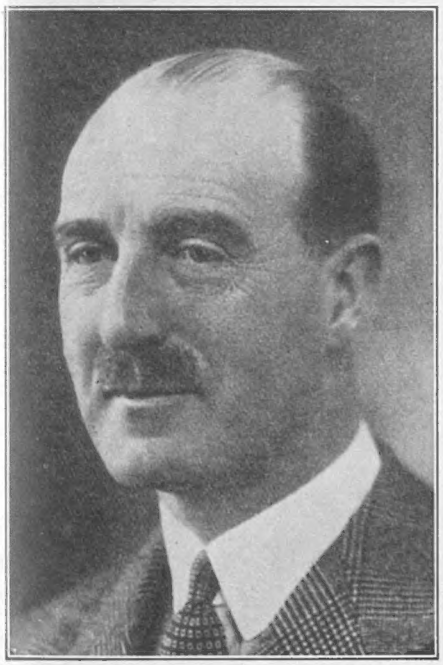
The eldest daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Percy Arthur Clive, M.P., Grenadier Guards, and of Mrs. Clive, of Whitfield, Herefordshire. She is engaged to the Hon. Richard Lyttelton, the youngest son of Viscount Cobham and Mary Viscountess Cobham

HORSES IT WILL PAY TO FOLLOW



Central News

d he never misses a chance to take exercise. He is seen on l, partnered by Sir William Morris. One of his opponents r. Lloyd Thomas



Bassano

MR. DUDLEY C. MADDICK

Who is to marry Miss Anne Johnston Smith. He is a well-known sportsman and a director of the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News"

Chaplin had not arrived to view his own film.

S

It seems a somewhat casual way to treat an elderly member of the British Royal family, who was kind enough to make the effort to come over from his villa at Cap Ferrat. Nevertheless, everyone seemed to forgive Charlie; crowds fought in the streets to catch a glimpse of him, and I heard someone say that they had never seen a smarter audience, even at the opera.

S

I was amused to notice the violent and somewhat undignified rush made to surround the Royal box when the audience observed that a cinematograph was filming the occupants. It looked like the sales in Kensington High Street, but I do not know how many managed to get into the picture.

Bassano

MISS ANNE JOHNSTON SMITH

Whose engagement has been announced to Mr. Dudley Maddick. She is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. Johnston Smith, of Glasgow

Monte Carlo has just finished a very successful tennis tournament, but I was very sorry that Mrs. Satterthwaite and Hillyard were just beaten in the final by Mme. Mathieu and Lesueur after a most exciting match. The play of the French woman champion was most disappointing; presumably she was off her game, but Lesueur is surely going to be one of the great players of the age.

S

The surprise of the tournament was the defeat of Señorita de Alvarez by Fräulein Aussem in the singles, and she was also knocked out in the doubles. Perhaps she was uninterested in the tennis, having given the onlookers a much more interesting topic of conversation—her clothes! She is always beautifully turned out, and has invented an entirely new tennis kit: a divided skirt coming well below the knees, the legs of which are very broad, giving both grace and complete freedom to the wearer. After all, many people can win tennis tournaments—few can lead fashion!

S

Soon it will be ridiculous to talk about the Riviera "season"; it is becoming continuous. Juan-les-Pins is absolutely packed, during the morning it is impossible to walk along the beach owing to the collective humanity lying there. There isn't a room to be had at the Provençal Hotel, and I am told the Cap d'Antibes is also packed. Dancing even takes place in the bar of the casino; Juan, more than anywhere else, seems to keep up an everlasting "party spirit."

S

Cannes, too, is looking forward to an excellent summer season; while this year, for the first time, Monte Carlo is going to open a summer casino. Even Menton is catching this summer fever; I hear the casino is putting boule tables in Rumpelmeyer's, where gambling and dancing will continue all the summer. We are indeed becoming feverishly gay! J.G.

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

PENNY ROYAL was gambled on at Birmingham. Was outpaced, and apparently unsuited by the sticky going. Losses should be recovered.

QUARTRAIN must not be missed in the North. Was supported to win a good sum at Catterick, but was crowded out at the start. Follow up with confidence.

MICHETTE was confidently supported at Newmarket, only lost by a short head to the smart Largition. Carried good money. Do not miss next time out.

ROYAL RUFUS, a smart Swynford colt, should be followed over a mile. Dead-heated with the game Suze over this distance at Newmarket.

FAMILY PLATE is a very smart filly, and backers at Newmarket were numerous. After a close struggle with Dauntless lost by a head. Don't hesitate to follow up.

TARTE MAISON, a beautiful filly by Tetratema, finished second in a field of thirty-four at Kempton, and will prove a money-spinner.

G.P.U.

The portrait of the famous Ruthven twins by Mr. F. Cadogan Cowper, R.A., arriving at Burlington House to be hung. In recent years the Royal Academy has seemed to display an utter lack of imagination, but it is to be hoped that this year's exhibition will not be so bad in this respect

IT is extraordinary how, contrary to tradition, black often suits dark people. Bridget Carlisle . . . who is a most appropriate chairman for the "Famous Beauties" Ball . . . nearly always wears black, both in the daytime and at night. She has a lovely figure, and her clothes are generally cut in simple, straight lines . . . and her raven locks parted in the centre and drawn to the nape of her neck. . . . Her famous sisters . . . the Ruthven twins . . . or, rather, Ruthven and Barran, as they are now . . . do not resemble her in the least, either in features or in dressing . . . for the twins are generally elaborately befrilled and barbarically bejewelled. I hear that a certain affaire du cœur is nearing the final curtain; the lady in question has always obeyed the ancient instructions of "catch 'em young . . . treat 'em rough and tell 'em nothing."

* * *

I HEAR from Posy Guinness that their trip to Majorca in search of sun was most successful . . . they found sun, solitude, and divine bathing . . . but she adds that her husband has now sold their yacht . . . the Migrant . . . on their return to Cannes. . . . "Bill" Guinness always navigates his own yachts . . . besides designing them. Lucky people with yachts. . . . I shall have to wear out my navy blue and white aboard a bus these hard times! . . . However, Derek, the very newest, has a Rolls, so never say die. Adieu, Baa, my cherub. . . .

GROSVENOR —MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR double-owe-four-three. . . . Hello, is that you, Baa? . . . Yes, better, thank you. I had several nasty bruises, but otherwise the hedge was more hurt than I. . . . On the other hand, another hunting casualty. Poor Betty Feilden has broken her leg . . . and is laid up at Grimston Park . . . her husband's lovely Yorkshire home. . . . Betty comes of a hunting family . . . or I think "clan" is almost a better word for the Selby-Lowndes . . . all of whom are wonderful horsemen . . . and women. . . .

* * *

SO we are to have the Spanish Royal Family chez nous . . . is that why the Queen has purchased a delightful house in Mayfair? For a country governed by a Socialist ragtag we hold a good hand in Court cards . . . almost a Royal straight flush!

* * *

I HEAR from my Continental papers that the King of Sweden is to visit . . . Sweden! . . . His gracious Majesty plays a pretty game of tennis, and has an eye for a partner for such . . . both on and off the court. . . .

* * *

THE betting is heavy in Mayfair and motoring circles as to whether a certain inheritance will alter a lovely lady's attitude towards divorce . . . and re-marriage . . .

I WENT motoring last week in Derbyshire . . . what a colony of charming houses there are there, all belonging to charming people! . . . First, there is Kedleston . . . belonging, of course, to the Scarsdales . . . a few miles away is Sudbury . . . a dear little old-world village . . . where the Vernons live in a perfect Charles II home . . . which contains marvellous Grinling-Gibbons carvings . . . and a collection of Voltaire's personal effects. . . . Lord Vernon was in the Navy until he succeeded . . . his wife is very pretty and fair . . . and he has two children, a boy and a girl. . . . Osmaston, the other side of Derby, belongs to Sir Ian Walker, a most eligible young bachelor. . . . He has just done the house up, which was built in the 'fifties, and was typical ornate solid Victorianism. . . .

* * *

IAN'S pretty sister Enid married Count Bosdari a year or so ago, and recently inherited a nice fortune from her uncle, Barclay Walker. . . . Have you heard the whispers from Rome of an illustrious and very important lady . . . a handsome soldier, and prison? . . .

Yevonde

MRS. PHILIP KINDERSLEY

With a distinguished member of France's canine aristocracy. Mrs. Kindersley, who before her marriage was Miss Oonagh Guinness, is a niece of Lord and Lady Iveagh

"THE MAY-FLY'S UP! Come, Take Your Tackle"

Central Press

Trout-fishing is in full swing again, and anglers are selecting their Halford's hackle or their drakes and joining battle. The sportsman seen above is fishing Six Mile Water, a favourite stream running out from Lough Neagh, where the ruins of Antrim Castle provide a sombre background

AT THE PLAY

A "KOLOSSAL" SUCCESS

By Vernon Woodhouse

Just a few of the hundreds of "supers" in "White Horse Inn" rushing for shelter from the real rain and lightning which descends on the Tyrolean scene. The storm being conveniently local, mackintoshes and umbrellas are not needed in the auditorium

SKETCHES OF "WHITE HORSE INN," AT THE LONDON COLISEUM, BY H. H. HARRIS

A Tyrolean "Clacton Belle" bravely riding the Tyrolean lake, and a quartette of Tyrolean cows placidly chewing the Tyrolean cud. The artist wishes it to be made quite clear that the boat is the drawing on the left of this picture!

SINCE Easter it has been a busy, though rather undistinguished, time in the theatrical world. There have been two revivals, *St. Joan*, at His Majesty's, which reappears after a lapse of five years, and is a proof that Shaw's play wears well, while *Bitter Sweet*, after an interval of only a few weeks, is to be seen again at the Lyceum, but is only staged for a further three weeks' run. For both plays, I am sure, further revivals can be safely predicted.

"White Horse Inn," at the London Coliseum

THE big success has been scored by this very German production, which is of the spectacular type of musical comedy. It is absolutely "kolossal"! Thousands of pounds have been spent on production, and thousands of pounds' worth of seats have been sold to playgoers who enjoy being stunned by spectacle from 8.15 to 11.30.

THE story, such as it is, deals with the love of a head waiter for the beautiful proprietress of the White Horse Inn, a delightful hostelry in the Austrian Tyrol, where the old Emperor Franz Josef, a successful underwear manufacturer from Bootle, and a young English solicitor, who is content to go golfing with a bag containing only two drivers and a niblick, are entertained. But who can be worried about such things as plots when motor charabancs, paddle steamers, and real rainstorms appear, and supers in their hundreds bring wonderful touches of colour and animation to the scenes? Erik Charrell has handled the crowd scenes admirably, and has utilised the vast revolving stage to its fullest extent.

A trilling moment at the Coliseum. Four Tyrolean guides indulging in the popular local sport of yodelling

AMONG the principals in the huge cast, Clifford Mollison, as the head waiter, complete with broken heart, and Lea Seidl, as the hotel proprietress, complete with broken English, Jack Barty, as the bellowing underwear manufacturer, Bruce Carfax, as the young English solicitor, and George Gee, as a silly ass, carry off the chief honours. Frederick Leister gives a wonderful cameo study of the old Emperor, and Mary Lawson proves herself a really clever comedienne in a part which might well be extended. But it is the scenic effects, and the tuneful music, and the clever crowd work which has made this production the success it is, and the audience seems to applaud everything from the

Tyrolean dancers in one of their restrained native dances. It can well be described as quite a "slap-up" affair

live goats to the native dancers, who indulge in vigorous, knee-slapping Tyrollicking dances on the slightest provocation.

"Five Farthings," at the Haymarket Theatre

THIS play is so thin that the story is artlessly transparent from the start, especially as the background is the bright light that beats down on the Italian Riviera, where the action takes place. The plot is unbelievable and out of key with the principal character, that of a business woman running a bankrupt *pension* and with other interests, none of which is successful. I doubt if anyone would swallow the idea that such a woman would agree to simulate useless old age in order not to upset the picture her son has imagined her to be when he returns after an absence of fourteen years, but, as Marie Tempest plays this part as only Marie Tempest could play it, it is possible that the public will forgive Mr. A. R. Rawlinson for making a stage version of a feeble story by G. B. Stern, if only for the reason that it shows what a great actress can do with the slenderest chances.

"The Young Gossoon," at the Apollo Theatre

ALTHOUGH there is nothing particularly thrilling about the plot of this little comedy of doings of a young farmer, who prefers motor bikes and flappers to mowing and harvesting, are being discussed by relatives and neighbours, whilst "bedads," "bad cesses," and "begobs" are falling thick as autumn leaves in Vallambrosa, they make a humorous appeal which brooks, or, rather, brogues, no denial.

THAT brilliant actress, Sara Allgood, is none too well served in the part of the young farmer's mother, but makes the maximum of bricks with the minimum of straw, whilst Barry Fitzgerald, as an elderly black sheep, Moya Nugent, as his little lamb, and Woolfe Curran, as the farmer, are all effectively Hibernian and humorous.

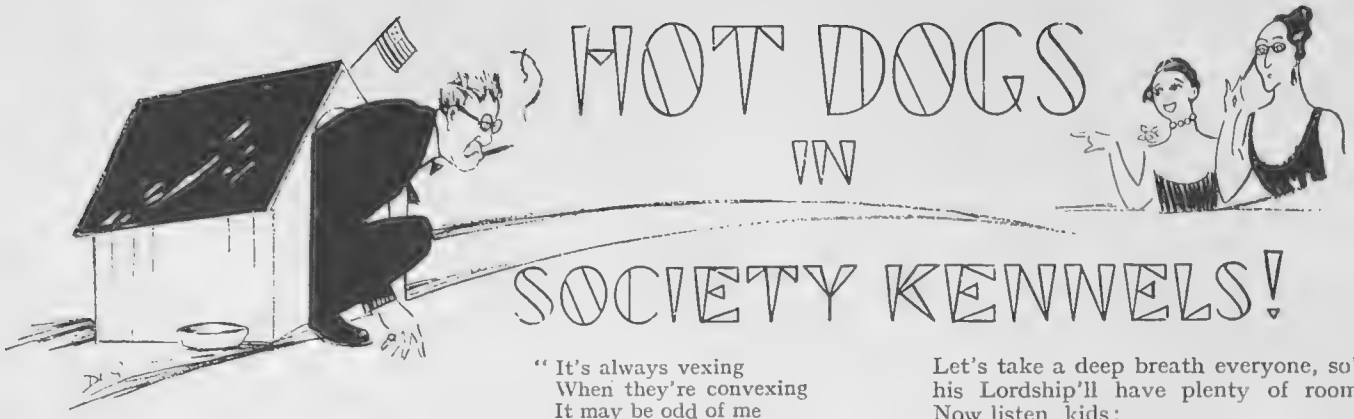
Tyrolean bathing belles displaying a little joie de vivre and a lot of limb before taking a dip in the village bathing pool

bad manners as displayed by the younger generation, the author, George Shiels, has provided plenty of amusing dialogue, of which the Irish players take full advantage. They have brought natural acting to a fine art, and when the mis-

A Tragedy for Comedy

EDGAR WALLACE'S adaptation of *Charles the Third*, by Curt Götz, ran for only six performances, despite a really fine piece of acting by Ronald Squire, which proved this clever artist to be far more versatile than his admirers imagined. The reason for the failure was, however, obvious. Quite apart from the weakness of the start, the introduction of a religious element into a comedy which relied in the main on laughter for its appeal, and in which a novice, after running away from a convent, appears in male attire and is made love to, is a far greater offence against good taste than the most pornographic play ever staged. V. W.

Six of the principals. Mary Lawson and George Gee are on the left, in the centre are demure Rita Page and Jack Barty of the "twelve-valve" voice, and on the right are seen Clifford Mollison, as the head waiter, casting adoring eyes on his "boss," and Lea Seidl, the proprietress of the "White Horse Inn"



HOT DOGS IN SOCIETY KENNELS!

In New York night clubs, dives, dumps, speakeasies, and what not, where men are men and women never blush, where every night's Extension Night and they only remove the glasses when they're broken, in these places they often have a gentleman, or maybe it's a lady, who acts as host of the evening. It is said there is a likelihood of these hosts appearing at some of our night clubs and supper restaurants. The following is an impression of what might occur should one of them take possession of a certain exclusive dance club in London. Imagine, then, the host, a big man, with a big, a very big voice, call it a helluva voice. He is singing, he is talking, he is everything. . . . The band is playing. . . . People are dancing. . . .

"Go home
And tell your mother
That her beautiful child is going
to belong to me . . ."

Come on, boys, play like it was a rhapsody and put some dirt into it. That's it. That's fine! What a band! What a night! What a place! Dance, dance, dance, little babies! Nossir, we have no dance control here. I feel fine. You feel fine. We all feel fine. One heavenly fine night I'll say it is, and Evelyn Laye can have the rest. But there ain't goin' to be no rest.

Way! Way! Make way there! If this isn't our Lord of Le Touquet coming through the ever-open door. Enter Lionel, and leave the rest to us. Howd'ye, boy? Yes, and banco to you. I've got a nine in my pocket, which is one over the eight. Banco! I win.

"Touquet! Touquet!
On the links of Touquet
There is a bouquet
Of gilt-edged blondes
With married hommes
It's hardly croquet
But it's Le Touquet."

Croquet? Croquet? Who said croquet? I'm playing cricket now with a Lionel, another Lionel. Lionel come to judgment, Lord Lionel Tennyson. Hats, boys; we've left our bats in the belfry. How they making out at Lord's, Lionel? We've given it up. We've joined the Oval. I aways did hate thin girls, anyway.

"It's always vexing
When they're convexing
It may be odd of me
I like concavity."

And here she is, the concave queen of London, Paris, New York, Chicago, Portland, Schenectady, and Howd'ye, Sophe, old Tuck? I haven't seen you since we went swimming that day in the Channel and the Gulf Stream overflowed. Vell, Sophe, id's vine to zee a vellow Scodsman. All right, Sophe, we'll leave religion and politics out of this. Honi soit qui Yom Kippur. We'll have a dance later, Sophe.

"It takes a big man to do that
It takes a mighty big man to do that
You don't want him feeble
You don't want him weak
You want a he-man, a strong man, a sheik.
You say you must have muscles?
Red, white and blue corpuscles?
Well, it takes a big man,
A mighty big man to have that."

Come on, boys! What a night! What a cast! On my right Corporal Jim of the Liftguards and his fascinating wife, Hispano Suiza. And with them that other fine soldier, Sergeant Sam of the Mudguards.

Ah! Wait! The door opens! Here comes the bride, and now the groom, and just behind them—no, not Eddie Cantor, but all the lovely brides just rolled into one. Have a look, folks, and tell me the truth. Is it, or is it not? It is, it is! Our Peggy. Men, Marriage, and Hopkin's Choice. Howd'ye, Peggy? Hold on to the diamonds, baby; Ciro's have a sale the week before next.

All right. All right. I'll be serious. Here's Lord Castlerosse. The Gay Crusader. And champagne to you, Valentine. How's the Chief? Fine. Let's take a deep breath everyone, so's his Lordship'll have plenty of room. Now listen, kids:

"I can't give you anything but words, baby.
That's the only thing I've plenty of, baby.
Epigrams
Monograms
They're hard to find.
Once a week
Tongue in cheek
All those things my public pine for.
Gee! I'd like to give you something swell, baby.
Park Lane houses Woolworth's never sell, baby.
But until that day you know darned well, baby,
I can't give you anything but words."

Here they come, here they come. Get hot, girls; here's our Jack. Our Jack's Back. Here's Hippodrome Jack, the Man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo. And there, there, there's Alfred Bendir. Two to one, two to one, two to one on she goes! Alfred always pays, Duggie never owes! Wait a second, folks; the skies are growing blue. Yes, they are, they are. You remember Dawn; well, now it's June.

"June, that's a name they sing to me
June, that's a beauty you can see
June turns the bareness of the winter-tide
Into sweet summer's silver side."

And now more beauty. B-U-TI-FUL Beauty. With Lady Ashley leading for Lux. And Lady Galloway for Pond's. Sybil Pim for Scotland, and Hip, Hip, Hooray for Ireland, and England's Mr. Bovril, so what do Beefeaters do?

Band, please. Rule, Britannia! Here comes the Conservative Party. All the girls from grettony. And the Guinnesses. Stout fellahs! Think, think, boys and girls, what would happen to Mr. Baldwin

"If Pussyfoots turned every brewery
Into a vast conservatory.
Eheu Fugaces
Gone are all Basses
Reids turned to weeds
Without redress
And Watneys into watercress.
No Guinness for our uvulas
All Worthingtons now pergolas.
O Tempora! O Mores!
What would become of the Tories?"

Good-night, children. Gotta date with Marlene Dietrich. I'm appearing in her Life Story. I'm one of the dots at the end of the first chapter. Goin' along now to put in the rest of the dots. . . . S'long, folks.

Richard Viner.

"Howd'ye, Sophe, old Tuck!"

BY STARR WOOD

"*Do yer want a charlady, Ma'm?*"
"*No, thank you, I'm suited*"
"*No you ain't, yours 'as just got six months for shoplifting!*

If Gossip We Must

ALTHOUGH I write in what has been semi-officially labelled a "critical week for the Government," I venture to think that there is little chance of a General Election for a considerable time. The bulk of the Liberals (if one can use the word "bulk" at all in connection with so attenuated a party) will continue to support Mr. MacDonald, not because they have any particular affection for him, but because, so long as they do so, they will preserve some sort of life for themselves. If the support is discontinued, an election will follow, in which the Liberals will have precious little left but their eyes to weep with. They will vanish almost entirely. Indeed, an ex-Liberal Minister told me that the party might easily find themselves in the House of Commons numbering not more than a dozen in all.

Topical

The recent warm weather enabled students at an art school in London to work on their life studies out of doors. The British weather is too fickle, though, to make it possible for the students to work from the nude anywhere but in a warm studio!

The Di Gitanos, the clever young dancers who are scoring a big success in "Creation," C. B. Cochran's new supper show at the Trocadero. They are seen in a burlesque Apache dance, which is as vigorous as it is funny

THIS country has never been very happy with politics as a sort of triangular duel. That is to say, it prefers a two-party system to a three-party system. The sooner it is generally realised that the issue in future will have to be between Socialism and anti-Socialism the better. I have heard it said (by some of the milder Socialists) that the issue in ten years time or even less will be between Socialism and Communism. Unlikely though I believe that to be, it is much more likely than the survival of some numerically infinitesimal third party with vague political connections and intent only on opportunist juggling.

EMPLOYER: "Ah, Smith, I am sure you will be pleas[ed] North"

CASHIER: "This must be your lucky day, sir You ha[ve] twelve shillings and sixpence!"

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH"

Mr. Owen Nares has declared in an interview that the "matinee idol" is now dead, the new "talkie" stars having killed him.

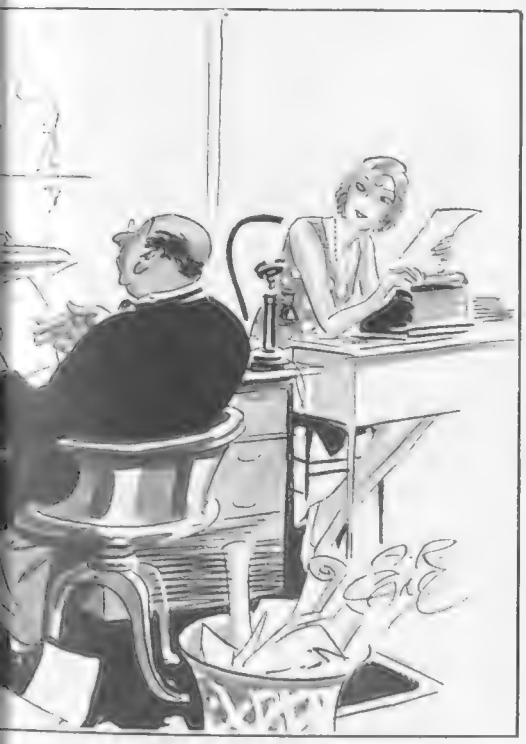
O! Fickle Sex, do you recall
How in the past you often sat in a
Box, dress circle, or a stall,
To dote on Waller at some matinee?
Those were the days when flappers bought
Each photograph of handsome Owen Nares,
And showed them to some school friend who
Would rave about his eyes of blue,
And put on pretty little knowin' airs.

Then Bertram Wallace was a king,
Whose subjects sat in blissful ectasy
Each time he had a song to sing,
And in their hundreds craned their necks to see
Those dashing uniforms he wore;
Whilst Godfrey Tearle, then at a dapper age,
When playing in some show of Tree's,
Could always fill His Majesty's
With doting damsels of the flapper age

But now, alas, the stage you spurn,
No more its handsome men you idolise;
No longer do you flock to turn
On "juveniles" your melting, shy doll eyes
The Cinema has won your heart,
But don't forget where lies the rub, my dears—
Although you spurn old loves, it's true
They haven't too much use for you
In places like the Garrick Club, my dears!

B. W.

IF there is to be a third party at all, the one from which we are likely to extract most during its short existence will be that run by Sir Oswald Mosley. Sir Oswald is quietly gathering unto himself more people than his opponents suspect. A few rather clever "careerists" are busy pulling strings behind the scenes. And I would not be surprised to find under the Oswaldian banner five or six of the post-War Fleet Street crowd—the youngish men with money and influence and parliamentary ambition. These men (you would know most of their names) are farther away from Socialism even than the rank and file of the Labour movement are from Mr. MacDonald.



By A. R. Cane

o hear we have landed that £75,000 contract for the

ust won first prize in the office sweep, amounting to

Yevonde

Angela Baddeley, who in private life is Mrs. Glen Byam Shaw, with her two little kiddies, Jane and George. She was lately playing in "To Account Rendered," and has been doing quite a lot of film work

MEANWHILE the non-political Season opens officially in a few days and with the two-party system in opera. It will be strange to find Chaliapin singing in London while Covent Garden is open, and singing at a minor theatre instead of at Covent Garden itself. However, the Carl Rosa Company have just got the Lyceum into the operatic way of things, and Sir Thomas Beecham and his Russians step into their shoes and will doubtless run an interesting subsidiary effort a little farther down the road than the Royal Opera. With the exception of *Boris Godounov* and perhaps two other masterpieces, Russian opera has always bored me stiff. But it has its enthusiasts.

I DO not think Covent Garden need worry about the Lyceum opposition, nor, I imagine, does it so worry. The old place (where things are really done remarkably well, in spite of the fashion in certain quarters to rail against whatever is sound rather than showy) has had to put up with plenty of opposition before, and certain rivals have occasionally found that it is a case of being "bad for the coo." Besides, surely London is big enough to support, in addition to Covent Garden, praiseworthy efforts on the part of the Carl Rosa, Sir Thomas Beecham, Sadler's Wells, and the Old Vic. Indeed, the more the merrier.

THE Sunday Closing Bill, with its preference given to the cinemas, is a feeble affair on which Mr. Clynes is not to be congratulated. Since the policy of THE BYSTANDER has always

THE CHRYSALIS AND THE BUTTERFLY

Fay Compton and Francis Lederer, described on the programme as "the lady in spectacles" and "the gentleman in gay braces," in a scene from "Autumn Crocus," at the Lyric Theatre. Under the blossoming of love the spectacles and other middle-aged accoutrements of the chrysalis have been swept away, but the gay braces are, presumably, still lurking beneath the rough jacketed exterior of the young man

The little Manchester schoolmistress (Fay Compton) as she appears in "Autumn Crocus" before the burgeoning of love. This play is enjoying a big success at the Lyric, where audiences vote it "sweetly pretty and so sad"

been to fight for liberty in these domestic matters and to allow the public, within reason, to do what it wishes to do, I do not cavil at the cinemas being allowed to remain open on the Sabbath. What I do cavil at is the kow-towing to the cinema public, which is a very large one, and, for the most part, a very cheap and "democratic" one, and the ignoring of the rights of the theatre public, which we may assume to be of a different type and, most certainly, possessing fewer votes. It is one of the detestable fallacies of semi-Socialism that it is considered perfectly fair and equitable for 30 per cent. of the community to be penalised provided 70 per cent. are satisfied.

IN the case of this cinemas-on-Sunday business there is another aspect. The cinema is mainly an American industry; the theatre is mainly a British one. So the intention is to allow more and more money to go into American pockets at the expense of British pockets. Look at any queue outside a London picture-palace on a Sunday night. Realise that its size is at any rate partly due to the fact that the legitimate theatres are closed. I do not say that all the people who patronise films on the Sabbath would switch over to the theatres if they were open. But some of them would, and I do declare emphatically that it is grossly unfair that the theatre should not participate in the large amount of money that the British public spends each Sunday night on entertainment because puritanism and petty tyranny have legislated the rest of the British Sabbath into dreadful boredom.

By Ridgewell

THE DISMISSED: 'And what's more, I'm glad to shake the dust of this place off my feet!"

THE MISTRESS: "Oh, so you *had* noticed it!"

Photopress

Mr. Donald Wood, the famous sculptor of equine subjects, at work in the Row on the model of a racehorse destined for America. It will be noted that he has not yet given rein to his fancy!

SOME actors and actresses have loudly proclaimed that it is preposterous to expect them to work seven days a week. If they feel that way, let them hit upon some other night than the profitable Sunday on which to close. But there is a good deal of hypocritical nonsense talked about the seven-day working week for stage-folk. Acting may be a strenuous sort of job, but it can hardly be compared with the slave-like regularity which has to be endured by those who toil in banks, shops, business concerns, and even in newspaper offices. Moreover, it is only very few players who would be at work every night from January 1 to December 31 — and those would be the lucky ones.

IN these days of short runs, is it so very relentless to expect an actor or actress to work for a few weeks without a break when a break of weeks or months of utter idleness usually succeeds that busy spell? If I were an actor I would take the chance—and be willing to lump the consequences.

MISS HELENA PICKARD *Marian Lewis*

In private life Mrs. Cedric Hardwicke. With another actress Miss Beatrix Thomson she has purchased the Grafton Theatre, in Tottenham Court Road, where they will run a repertory season of new plays and old successes. The first play to be staged will be John Hastings Turner's "Lilies of the Field," and it will be revived on May 4

Pearl Freeman

MRS. CLAIRE GUCKIAN

Under whose management the New Burlington Club reopened its doors last week. "Gucky," as she is known to her many friends, is a popular figure in Bohemian circles

TALKING of short runs, I admire the sporting way in which Charlie Cochran has taken the knock at the London Pavilion. I sent him a wire to wish him luck on that ill-fated opening night. I have just received a black-edged funeral card, headed "1931 Revue," with the message, "Thanks for your kind wire on the birth of the child, since deceased."—CHARLES B. COCHRAN. Let us hope that the next happy event at the "Pav." will be really happy, and that the producer and child will continue to do well.

DANCE-CLUBS come and dance-clubs go, and very few of them go on for ever. The New Burlington Club (which is handy for the Royal Academy) has, however, just emerged from a period of temporary obscurity and is now in full swing again. The dancing floor is good, and so are the cocktails and the food, and the decorations are ultra-ultra-modern and nouveau art to the *n*th degree. The mistake certain of these clubs make is that of over-pretentiousness.

LIVING IN ONE'S OWN TIMES

By BLANCHE B. ELLIOTT

Daring and very original is this black-belted, white swimming suit from Regny. The American sailor's cap has inspired the idea for the shorts—in reality a band turning upwards. *Model Jane Regny*

THIS title (as well as its philosophy) is frankly borrowed from the French. It appeared the other day on the cover of a charmingly printed pamphlet on modern furniture, and contained a plea for living in one's own time in relation to house furnishing. It is only now slowly percolating through to the average British mind that there *is* a very definite period of new art established. Manfully the modernists have struggled in this country to launch a vogue that has been spreading over the Continent and America during the last decade, and already there are recognised schools of designs bearing their originators' names. But unwillingly, and only when they have been forced to, have they appeared here, where they are regarded almost with resentment. Yet no one can deny the charm of its simplicity, the restful harmony of the low lines, the symmetry of the outline of planes and cubes, which is characteristic of this new age of furnishing art.

CURIOUSLY enough, in conjunction with such simplicity has come the corresponding elaboration in clothes with which house furniture always bears some sympathetic relation. The monotones of subdued colouring, the suggestion almost of bareness in decoration, throws up in greater relief the dignity of flowing draperies, lovely colours, or vivid prints to which such a background acts as a foil. No one realises this more than the big couturiers themselves, and their ateliers are masterpieces of subdued harmonies through which the frocks pass flauntingly in vivid contrast and an added brilliance.

THERE is mental stimulation to be found in such a complete rehabilitation of accepted ideas, such an entire change of domestic environment. Not that the old, accepted, traditional art periods are any less beautiful or to be ignored; only one asks for a little appreciation and at least recognition of the existence of a new art period which has definitely abolished the cumbersome ornamentals of the Victorian and Georgian periods. Modern lighting alone is worthy of careful study to her who would possess the home beautiful as well as an appearance soignée. For not to live in one's time or appreciate to the full modern ideas, however expressed, is to be out of touch with one's own epoch and just a sheep astray.

THERE is so much to be learnt of the significance of colour, contour and an entourage of comfort in relation to personal beauty,

that one's mind should be eagerly on the look-out for ideas and new ways to turn them to best account. But, alas, our national attitude of horror and disapproval against novelty damns them from the start, and it is only the bravest who can withstand such discouragement. With regard to new fashions in clothes, this attitude is most apparent. First it is invariably hostile, almost as though in self-defence, then critical, then tolerant, and then (oh! horror of horrors) "got used to," and liked. Why not like something we are *not* used to? It is *so* much more thrilling!

THE great difference, for instance, between the smart Frenchwoman and others is that she no longer wears anything when the style has become universally the fashion and "commonised." Her taste is eclectic, and she can trust it, so she moves on one when others have caught her up. She at once, therefore, takes her place as the leader. The Englishwoman lacks this courage, and, with very few exceptions, can only follow. One wonders if anything can be done to combat this national lethargy which is as ruining to commerce and trade as it is to individual progress.

SOON it will be my happy task to speak of mid-season collections in Paris which I will be attending on my readers' behalf. These definitely establish what are the most approved styles that the best-dressed women of the world have chosen. There are signs of a greater restraint in clothes to-day that always accompanies the highest form of good dressing. The hats are worn far back so as to show the hair. To wear it successfully is to sit deliberately before the mirror and try it on this way and that until the proper effect is achieved. Brims are non-existent or lift off the face, forming a becoming frame, and are medium or wide just as the formality of the occasion demands and the sunshine encourages.

SILHOUETTES have regained some of their boyishness, and the straight up and down line is stressed a little more than last season, when one noticed a slight return to what are referred to as "womanly curves." Any compression is kept entirely to the hips, which must at all cost be small—in fact, incredibly so. They may even be bumpy, because a hip bone *has* to retain its anatomical position—but slim it *must* be.

There is an alluring simplicity about Patou's summer ensemble of black crêpe. Over the short-sleeved frock is worn a long coat with short cape sleeves The skirt length and elbow gloves are what Paris calls correct this season. Model Jean Patou

THE RYDER, DAVIS AND WIGHTMAN CUPS

F. J. Perry, the young player who just lost to H.W. Austin in the final of the L.T.A. Invitation Tournament at Queen's Club. He has been picked to play in the Davis Cup Competition against Monaco which starts at Plymouth to-morrow

C. A. Whitcombe (left) the Ryder Cup Captain, congratulating H. C. Jolly, who won the Professional Tournament at Roehampton recently. The Ryder Cup Competition this year will be played at Columbus, Ohio

H. W. Austin, whose cool-headedness and improved stamina carried him to victory in his match against Perry when the latter seemed certain to win. He was first choice for our Davis Cup team against Monaco

H. W. Austin (left) and F. J. Perry fighting out the final of the Men's Singles at Queen's Club. After a really thrilling fight, the former won by 3-6, 4-6, 8-6, 6-1, 7-5. The top photograph shows Miss Joan Ridley (left) and Miss M. Heeley, who met in the final of the singles at Queen's, when the former won. Both are Wightman Cup probables

"THE PROGRAMME SELLER"
BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.
THE PROPERTY OF THE MANUFACTURERS OF PLAYER'S BACHELOR CIGARETTES.

TROUBLE B

BY WEBSTER MURRAY

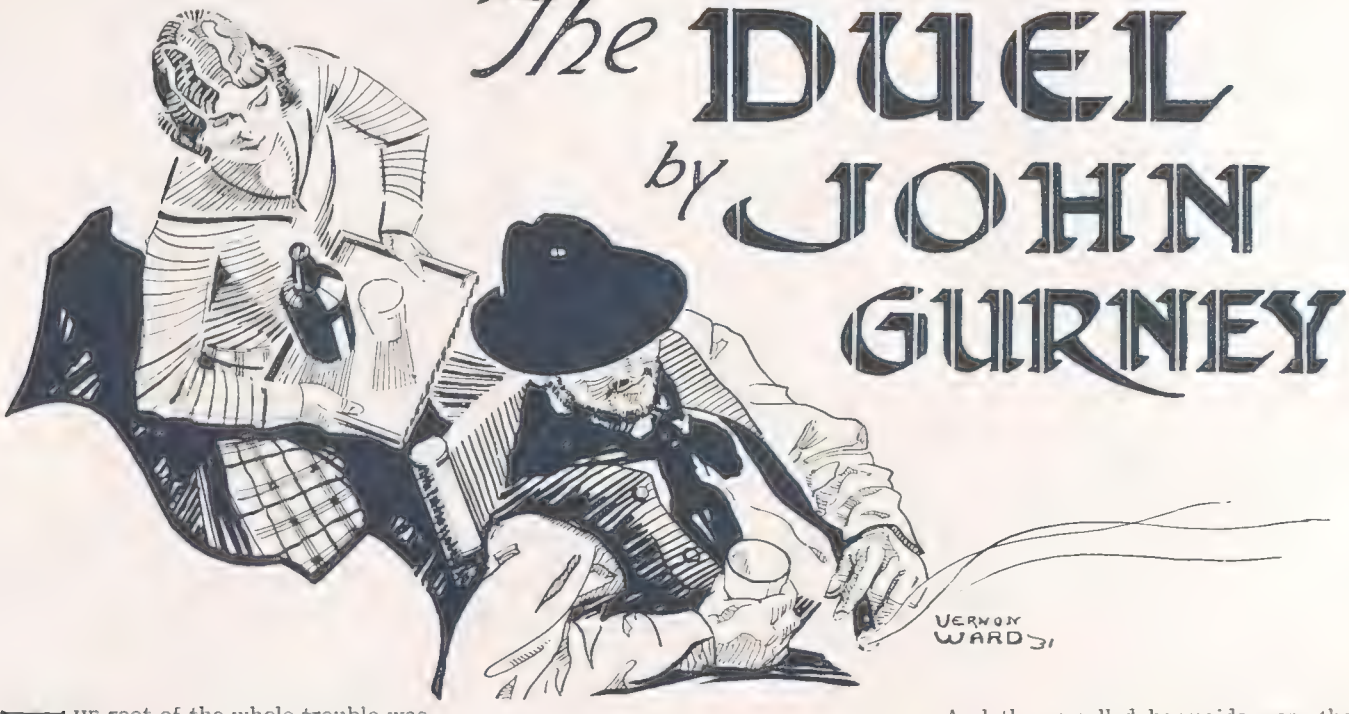
BREWING!

MORRIS
MAJOR
SIX
SALONETTE (Fabric)
£215 ex-works
TRIPLEX GLASS AND
CHROMIUM FINISH STANDARD
BUY BRITISH AND BE PROUD OF IT
Dorland

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

The DUEL

by JOHN GURNEY



Illustrated by Vernon Ward

THE root of the whole trouble was that Gert Viljoen imported a new barmaid. He didn't call her that, of course, any more than he called his alleged teashop a bar. There weren't supposed to be any bars on the diggings at all. Some of the bottle stores used to send a man out to take orders occasionally, and some of the tea-shops, or restaurants, as they called themselves, were supposed to be the agents of licensed victuallers in Lichtenburg. They could take orders for their principals, and were supposed to deliver the goods twenty-four hours later. But, Lord bless you! what do you expect when you have twenty thousand people, mostly men, living in the dust and sweat of a diamond field? A chap who had made a big find wasn't going to wait twenty-four hours to celebrate it. For the matter of that, the police knew well enough what was going on. When a decent chap like Gert Viljoen was running a restaurant they winked at a good few irregular proceedings. Now and then they'd trap one of the rotters, especially if he were suspected of illicit diamond buying, and take his restaurant licence away from him. For the most part, provided that things were moderately decent and normal, you could get your drink on the fields just as easily as in town, always provided, of course, you were known to the proprietor.

That was how the fashion of barmaids started. Gert hated it, as he hated the whole liquor business, though he did very well out of it. Like many men who make a good living at that game, he was a teetotaller. He was also a strong church member—a quaint bird altogether on the fields. I used to rot him about acting as liquor agent at all. He didn't mind. "What must I do?" he would ask. "If I don't sell the others will, and I shall lose my customers." So he sold liquor, legally and illegally, just like the rest. And when an enterprising restaurant keeper reckoned that a woman might stimulate thirst, old Gert saw the point, and followed his example.

But those bar women were the trial of his life. There were lots of women on the diggings, some of the best and some of the worst in the world. The decent ones stuck to their menfolk through thick and thin, kept smiling through good luck and bad, bore the dust and the dirt and the flies, and the general muck which comes when you start tearing the earth to pieces, without a murmur. The rotters, whether married or not, kept the camps in a continual ferment. There's not much to do on a diamond field after working hours except gamble, drink, or mess round women. And the men outnumbered the women by about four to one. You can guess the sort of scrapping and trouble that was going on all the time.

And the so-called barmaids were the worst of the lot. Gert hated them, and for a time there was a procession of them through his restaurant. He sacked three for stealing money from his till. One he found, with her hands on her hips, cheering and laughing as two fairly decent young fellows smashed each other to small pieces in the restaurant in a battle for her favour, which she had started. Incidentally, Gert's chief grievance was that she had encouraged them to fight in the restaurant. They certainly made a terrible mess of the furniture. The climax came when the police took Jenny, a henna-blonde of about fifty-six disguised as fifteen, for complicity in the murder of Rooi Piet's wife. The fool had kept her letters, and they helped to put the rope round his neck as well as convicting her. I never could make out why they hanged poor old Piet, who, for all his red hair and face, was a decent chap enough until she came on the scene, and sent *her* to gaol.

ANYWAY, there was the very dickens of a scene when she was taken. I've heard some swearing in my time, but I never heard anything like the filth that poured from that woman's lips. It took three policemen to drag her out of the bar, shrieking, cursing and howling. She damned Gert himself, the fields, the police, the men in the restaurant for not coming to her help, and above all, Rooi Piet for a fool and a coward. She fought like a demon, smashed a chair trying to hit one of the police, who, luckily, dodged very cleverly, tore another's tunic from shoulder to waist, and left her claw-marks all down the face of the third. Poor old Gert, who was eminently respectable, was simply horrified. He danced round like a fat grey pug-dog, with his hands in his hair and his beard positively bristling with horror, imploring her in the Taal, which she didn't understand, to go quietly, and promising her help if she did. Lot she cared. She was frantic with rage, disappointment and terror. Instead of Rooi Piet's money . . . he was doing well at the time . . . she saw the gallows in front of her. Anyway, she had been punishing Gert's gin.

That tore it so far as Gert was concerned He swore a solemn oath that he would never employ a barmaid again, and then, with his usual caution, qualified it by adding "unless she was respectable." And he kept his oath.

Mind you, the resolution didn't pay him badly. Of course, he lost a lot of the younger bloods, and they were the chaps who really spent the money. On the other hand, the older men, and especially the married men, rather liked the prospect of a quieter place, where there wasn't the constant risk of a row. Perhaps he didn't do such a big liquor trade, though that went on pretty solidly, but he picked up on

(All rights strictly reserved.)

the restaurant part of the business, and he had less expenses in the way of breakages and repairs. We all thought that he had settled down to a quiet trade, so far as one ever does settle down on a diamond field, which grows in a night and dies in another. Still, for the time at any rate, things were quiet.

And then he got another barmaid.

It was McLaglan who told me about it, and at first I thought he was fooling. There was more than a twinkle in his eye. But he swore it was true. The news spread through the camp, and most of us chuckled and expected more fun. Of course, she would be "respectable." All Gert's barmaids were respectable when they first came to the fields. Gert thought so, anyway. He wasn't exactly a good judge of women; lacked experience, I expect. The fun usually started after they had settled in and begun to feel their feet and see their opportunities. Gert's restaurant was in for a very good time. Anything amuses you on the fields, and the prospect of another scandal was just jam to us. Apart from the fact, of course, that a new woman always drew. I went along that evening.

I got the shock of my life. The girl was pretty enough in a big, blonde, rather phlegmatic way. She was one of the large type of Dutchwomen, who run well over fifteen stone by the time they are forty, and frequently finish up like a woman I once saw in the Lydenburg district, so stout and heavy that her husband refused to take her to town in a cart, and insisted on her going to Nachtmaal in an ox-waggon. Twenty-one stone she weighed. Maria, that was her name, Maria Magdalena Petronella Aletta van Vuren (they run to names as well as to flesh) wasn't stout yet, but she showed every sign of becoming so. For the present she was fair, with a rather wide mouth and good-natured blue eyes. The youngsters thought she was just it!

BUT—and this was the astonishing thing—she was obviously as straight and as decent a girl as you could want. There was no nonsense about Maria. She wasn't a prude. There was some pretty frank conversation went on in that restaurant at times, but she never appeared to notice it. Some of the men were pretty broad in their admiration, but that didn't worry her either. She treated them all quite simply and frankly, took their orders, gave them their drinks, laughed at their jokes, and simply ignored insinuations and suggestions. Some of the men were crazy about her. Several wanted to marry her, and told her so, publicly and often. She laughed. Some of them suggested "vrijing," that's what the Afrikander calls courting, but she wasn't having any. "Nee," she said, and continued in the Taal: "I'm not that sort of girl. Besides, I've got a 'vrijer.' He's farming down in Pietersburg, and I'm going to marry him as soon as he can build a house." She was so easy and so absolutely sure of herself and friendly that she had very little trouble. When it did arrive she was quite capable of attending to it. It was a youngster who settled matters for most of the men. He wasn't a big chap, rather small and skinny, but he fancied himself no end. One day, when she was putting a tray on his table, he took advantage of her hands being occupied, pulled her head back and kissed her on the mouth. Maria just looked at him, and he stood with a silly sort of triumphant grin upon his face. Then she put her tray down. He looked a bit scared, but he stood his ground. "It was only a joke" (a "grap" was the word he used). "I don't like these jokes," said she, and she took him by the back of the neck and the seat of the pants. Luckily, his pants were strong corduroy. She picked him up as easily as you would a small child, kicked the swing door open with her foot, and carted him out into the street. There was a big barrel of dirty rainwater beside the door. Into it he went, kicking a bit, head first, and then Maria took him by the ankles and hauled him out again. "That'll cool you down," she said, and marched into the restaurant. There was a howl of joy.

"Look!" shouted Piet Venter, "he's just like a wet hen!" And the *wet hen* (die nat hoender) he was from that day forth. He spluttered a bit, and threatened a bit, but he was beat, and he knew it. And that finally settled any nonsense with Maria. Joking and word flirtation she didn't mind a bit, provided always it didn't go too far. But no one took liberties. They remembered the wet hen!

"The door swung open and Bob, rocking a little on his feet, stood there, his partner peering round him. Both of them were in working clothes, brown from the dirt of the claim"

SHE was for a month or two a gold mine to Gert. For all her "standoffishness," as some of them called it, she was immensely popular. The men liked her friendliness, her utter lack of nonsense. The women, the straight and decent

ones, appreciated her straightness and decency. She had her job to do and she did it. It wasn't, perhaps, the most refined kind of job. That didn't matter. It never does on the fields. She was clean, she was civil, she was obliging. What more could you want? She could have married well if she had wanted to. But she didn't. So she stayed on in Gert Viljoen's restaurant and served drinks and food, and laughed and joked. She was quite an institution.

And then Mad Bob and his partner came in.

Bob was a character, and his partner not much less so. I never knew the partner's name, and I doubt if many other people did. *Pard* was what Bob called him, and Pard was his name to most of us. He was a little, rather wizened man, with curious squinting eyes. They always looked as if they were directed at the tip of his nose. Bob was big and upstanding, brick-red in face and tawny in his hair. It had probably been yellow once, but the sun had burnt every bit of the colour out of it. They were good chaps in the ordinary way, hard-working, fairly successful, and generous to a fault. Their claim was away in the corner of the field, and there, as a rule, they stuck. The trouble came when they went on a periodical spree. Bob was neither to hold nor to bind at these times. He usually carried a pistol, and pulled it on the slightest excuse, chiefly for the purpose of shooting out the lights. His partner took his liquor differently . . . it made him surly and suspicious. And woe betide anyone who interfered with them at these times. Bob whooped into a fight with all the joy of a schoolboy in a Rugby scrum, and Pard, little but venomous, could do more than his share. They were good enough fellows when sober, but drunk. . . .

It was a quiet night when they turned up, cheery enough, but no noise and no rowdiness. Their coming was like a sudden burst of thunder out of a clear sky. The door swung open and Bob, rocking a little on his feet, stood there, his partner peering round him. Both of them were in working clothes, brown from the dirt of the claim. Both had evidently been celebrating already. "Holy Mike!" burst out Bob. "She's a peach!" He staggered slightly as he came into the room.

"Give us a kiss, sweetheart, and forget your sorrows."

Maria look at him quite coolly.

"Nee, dankje," she said. ("No, thank you!")

"Come on," said Bob, "don't be proud." He rolled towards her, and several of the men, who liked Maria and respected her, half started up to help her. But she needed no help. She stood looking at him quite quietly. I thought Bob was going to catch hold of her, but he didn't somehow. He stopped.

"Don't you want to kiss me?" he said.

"No!" It was quite quiet, but perfectly definite.

Bob burst into a roar of laughter. "Pard!" he yelled. "Look at it. It's an honest barmaid! You'll never see another!" He turned again to Maria, swept off his hat, and made her a bow.

"I'll marry you for that," he said.

Maria looked at him. Then she turned and went quietly about her work. Any ordinary man would have been squashed, but not Bob. He just howled with laughter again, and called for drinks all round. Then he and Pard took a table in the corner.

It looked as though the whole incident had blown over. So it had for the present. But somehow or other there was still trouble in the air. Bob wasn't satisfied. He followed Maria with his eyes round the room. It was obvious that he was greatly taken with her. Then he and Pard fell into low-voiced conversation. You could see that they were arguing, but what it was about nobody knew. We watched them, somehow, as if expecting trouble, though there was no sign of it. It was like the tense feeling before a thunderstorm, when the clouds look angry and the sun seems to glower at you. When it came it came like the first clap of thunder, just as sudden and just as startling. Pard, quite suddenly, raised his voice:

"You can't marry her, you fool! She's nothing but a —— ——!" There was a howl like that of a wounded animal, and Bob was on his feet. "Nobody calls her that and lives! You little swine! I'll kill you for that!" Ten of us dashed forward at once, and in an instant Bob's pistol was out, and he faced us. "And I kill any man who interferes." Pard sat back in his chair.

"Don't be a b—— f——," he said quite quietly. He wasn't quite as drunk as Bob, and I think he was a little frightened. Bob sat down again.

"I'll show you who's the b—— f——. Get out your pistol. Put it on the table." He covered his friend as he spoke, but he kept one eye for us. Nobody dared to move.

"Now," he continued, "I'll put mine there. But the first man that

(Continued on page 186).

FILM NOTES

BROADWAY'S

By LIONEL

Frederic March—burlesquing John Barrymore—and Mary Brian in a scene from "The Royal Family of Broadway," a film from the stage play dealing with the life of a famous theatrical family

ALTHOUGH I do not like photographed stage plays, I must admit that since film producers have had to find dialogue they have not been very successful in originating anything for the screen. They have forgotten romance—since the language of love is not so easy to convey as its pictorial counterpart—and given us what they choose to call realism. This is generally a mixture of artificial generalisation and sex.

Sex obsesses not only Hollywood, but also the English studios at the moment, and the idea seems to be to get as sordid a theme as possible while at the same time avoiding the Censor. He, by the way, has remarkable ideas on what should be seen and what should not, for at one minute he bans "Outward Bound," and at onother passes "Millie," a film which, as a highlight, contains the attempted seduction of a girl of sixteen by an elderly roué who has "kept" the mother!

At times even the Censor's ban is looked on as an asset for exploiting some unsavoury theme and dragging the public into the theatre; it is much on a par with the young tramp who sells dubious postcards in the Paris streets, only usually you get a more truthful representation from the postcard vendor than from the cinema proprietor.

THERE is no doubt that Oswald Stoll's innovation at the Coliseum will have a very salutary effect on cinema production. In the days of the silent films the strength of its appeal lay in the fact that it could give a wide scope as compared to the restricted sense of the proscenium arch. Stoll's producer has shown that the stage also can mechanically expand the scope. Meanwhile, the screen has been restricting itself further and further by photographing stage plays instead of developing upon entirely new lines.

In very many cases these photographed stage plays have been inferior to their originals, but there are times when they expand upon the theme and make it even more attractive. Such a film as "Outward Bound" is an example of this.

I DO not know whether "The Royal Family of Broadway," an adaptation of Edna Furber's and George S. Kaufman's play, is greater than its original, but I do know that it is one of the outstanding productions of the year because of its acting, and one which shows that intelligence is gradually creeping into an entertainment which its critics and its sponsors always seem to wish to bring down to the lowest common denominator.

By this I do not mean to imply that the only salvation lies in the adoration of Russian pictures or an agreement with the so-called intelligentsia, who put on highbrow spectacles and find that a caterpillar looks like a particularly beautiful species of butterfly.

Also in the screen adaptation of Edna Ferber's and George S. Kaufman's play, "The Royal Family of Broadway." Henrietta Crosman as the mother and Ina Claire as the daughter in the family which is ridden with stage tradition

"THE Royal Family of Broadway" will be presented soon at the Plaza, and deals most amusingly, and not without a touch of satire, with a

ROYALTIES

COLLIER

famous theatrical family. As a play it has had a very successful run in New York. Presumably the Barrymore family has been chosen to represent this "royalty of the stage," for we have that brilliant actor, Frederic March, a newcomer to the screen, brought by the talkies, giving us a near burlesque of John Barrymore. He includes in it a touch of Lionel, and makes the part comedy of a high order.

Thrilling gun play and fine characterisation are paramount in "Little Cæsar," a new picture of racketeers. Edward G. Robinson is here seen in the title role

by Henrietta Crosman, enforces this, while she in turn passes on the discipline to her daughter, also well acted by Mary Brian. No less excellent is Oscar Wolfe as the family's manager, who also has the family traditions at heart.

GEORGE CUKOR and Cyril Gardner, the directors, have done full justice to the theme. It is always vital, and with its continually changing moods—theatrical and real—keeps one interested in the people it is portraying. Underneath the apparent comedy lies tragedy, but it is only touched on at the end, where, in a finely emotional scene, the "royal" grandmother dies in her dressing-room, unable to complete her part in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

This brings back her daughter and granddaughter to a sense of what they owe the stage. They desert their private lives to live once again in the full glare of the publicity that surrounds a "throne"—or an actress. Just one more note about Ina Claire. Her voice is as flexible as her expressions, and the way she combines the theatrical with natural feelings hidden beneath is a triumph of histrionics.

One of the latest studio portraits of Greta Garbo, who is working on an adaptation of the popular book, "The Rise and Fall of Susan Lennox"

for tragedy is always lurking near. But even more compelling is Ina Claire's interpretation of a famous stage actress, sister to the irrepressible brother, whose profile and winning ways bring not only his name to the bright lights, but also his own person into danger. It is one of the best character studies we have seen, for she expresses all the foibles of the actress and also all the yearnings for a peaceful quiet life which are smothered by the traditions of the theatrical "royalty" to which she belongs. Her mother, brilliantly played

Herbert Mundin, the stage comedian, appears successfully in a new British farce, "We Dine at Seven." With him are Dorothy Bartlam and Maud Zimbla

PARIS GOSSIP

FILMS, WEDDINGS & RESTAURANTS

BY SYLVIA LYON

Mr. Arthur Milner and Miss Norma Cave, who won the ballroom dancing Grand Prix de la Ville de Nice at the Palais de la Mediterranée, which carries with it the Championship of the Riviera. They are dance host and hostess at Messrs. Dickins and Jones, in Regent Street

THE French must have an entr'acte, and to provide occasion for the entr'acte they first ran a series of actualities, including Queen Marie at Dinard (murmurs of "Comme elle à vieilli") and a particularly distressing animal film. And just because the management of the Théâtre Marigny had the idea of an animal film in its mind, they stuck to it. This was followed by an animal-animated cartoon. By the time it was over and the lights were on, I expected to find myself in the Jardin des Plantes. It was after ten o'clock, and, my eyes not being blurred by tears as I had not yet seen Chaplin, I made my way to the foyer, and found fewer than ten well-known people there. There was Lord Tyrrell, chatting with Richard Owen; there was the Comtesse de Noailles with Paul Painlevé; and Tristan Bernard, of course, and why not? I do not know where the rest of the people came from.

Mr. Pat Sewell and Miss Gwen Silvester, the winners of the Grand Prix du Syndicat National, which means the World's Championship for professionals at the Palais de la Mediterranée. Miss Silvester teaches at the Victor Silvester School, in Bond Street, and her partner hails from Bournemouth

THE Paris opening of "City Lights," as I saw it, reminded me of the London opening, as I had read about it, because it was so different. Léon Volterra, lessee of the Théâtre de Marigny, had given the contract for the sound installation to the English firm, Film Industries, Ltd., last December, but the electricians were not allowed to go to work until four weeks ago, and Volterra had to pay a forfeit of one hundred thousand francs to discontinue the performances of *Moineau*, a very indifferent operetta. Why, with so many new, ready-made cinemas in town, a small theatre had to be chosen is a mystery. Perhaps Chaplin's being on the Riviera was responsible for the banality of the gala performance, which was advertised at the last minute, and was not my idea of a gala. Whoever sent out the invitations must have done it blindfolded, selecting the names out of the telephone directory, with special preference for the pages devoted to Levallois and Clichy, and then stirred up all the names.

IT was true, of course, that a great many people had left Paris to attend the marriage at Palermo of the Comte de Paris and Princesse Isabelle d'Orleans Braganza. One thousand Royalists set sail in the Compiègne, chartered for the occasion. The day of the wedding a bronze palm was laid on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier with the inscription, "Au Soldat Inconnu, un exilé.—HENRI, Comte de Paris." Others were off to Madrid for the wedding of Christine de Bourbon, the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Durcal, to Antinor Patino, the son of the Bolivian Minister to France and Spain. But still there was no excuse for the first-night of the Chaplin picture. The audience adored it, and applauded each of Chaplin's exits; but when the lights were up the audience looked at each other in disappointment.

FOLLOWING the vanishing of Paillard, Henri, and Montagné, after an existence of nearly fifty years, the Restaurant Voisin has closed its shutters for ever. There was a time when only titled people were considered fit to be fed. The real cause of the restaurant's disappearance was not because money and titles have changed hands, but because figures are changing. What could you do to preserve poise when a waiter was glowering at you for looking frightened when he said you had to order at least four courses? Even the French

(Continued on page 186)

Signor Rosildo Malanchini and Miss Betty Macfarlane, who, as runners-up in the Riviera Championships at Nice, were awarded the Grand Prix d'Honneur. They are now appearing at the Château de Madrid, on the Embankment

Daniels

SUNDAY WILSHIN

Who is playing in the new comedy, "The Church Mouse," which opened at the Playhouse last Thursday. She is wearing a dress designed by Lady Victor Paget, in which she appears in the film, "The Chance of a Night-time," by Ben Travers, produced by the British and Dominion Film Corporation under the co-direction of Ralph Lynn and Herbert Wilcox

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 184)

The Algiers Building, one of the most striking in the great Paris Exhibition. The French Government is offering special facilities to foreign visitors who wish to view the exhibition during the summer

no longer want to lose two hours and gain two kilos. at once. And Voisin would not give in to anyone not wanting to let out his waistline.

THERE is no doubt but that in ballroom dancing England stands pre-eminent in every phase. Last week the lovely fairy Palais de la Mediterranée, Nice, was the venue of the dancing championships of the Riviera, organised by M. Camille de Rhynal, and among the nationalities who entered were Britain, France, Italy, Germany, Poland, Spain, Czecho-Slovakia, and Switzerland, and who demonstrated before a large and enthusiastic audience. The competition included fox-trot, waltz, tango, and quick-step, and among the judges were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jay Gould. The winners of the Grand Prix de la Ville de Nice, carrying the championship of the Riviera, were Mr. Arthur Milner and Miss Norma Cave, a young and distinguished-looking couple—Norma is very like Beatrice Lillie—who are dance hosts at Dickins and Jones in Regent Street. Next to them, and winners of the Grand Prix d'Honneur, were Rosildo Malanchini (Italy) and his very pretty, fair-haired Scottish partner, Betty Macfarlane, who are now in London giving dance exhibitions at the Château de Madrid on the Embankment, in London, a first-rate restaurant, delightfully situated.

AMONG others who distinguished themselves were Pat Sewell and Gwen Silvester, who won the Grand Prix du Syndicat National, Mr. Sewell hailing from Bournemouth and Miss Silvester teaching at Victor Silvester's school in New Bond Street. The amateur championship of the Riviera, already held by Mr. W. Heath, a well-known Londoner, was easily retained by him, with his partner, Miss Cissons, a charming girl who had never before entered for an international contest. On the whole, therefore, Britain may be proud of her laurels in the world of dancing, and Mr. Cochran, with his cabaret, in which I hear tango-ing is a feature, might keep his eye on these very attractive young dancers.

S. L.

THE DUEL (continued from page 181)

interferes I'll plug." He put a bullet through one of the lamps just to show he was serious. The bang of that pistol made every man there jump. Then he laid his gun on the table. He looked round the room again.

"Here, Batson," he said. "You'll do. You count five. On the word five we reach for our guns, and may the Lord have mercy on the slower."

It was a pretty awful situation. Bob, in that mood, was utterly reckless. He meant every word of it. Pard was just as resolute, and a couple of determined men with guns can hold up a roomful easily enough. Don't think they were fooling. They were not. Batson . . . he was a nervous chap, had just started to count when Maria intervened.

"You can't do that here," she said.

Pard answered sneeringly, "Oh? And why not?"

"Because you'll make a row and a mess."

This time it was Bob. He laughed again. "I'm sorry, sweetheart, but there's got to be a mess sometimes. I'll help you clean up."

"Not here," said Maria. "If you want to kill each other I'll give you a better way. We got some arsenate here, with sugar, for the flies. I mix some in one glass of beer, and I give you another without. You choose."

BOB considered. "That'll do," he said. "Go ahead and mix it." It was done. Maria took a package from under the counter and poured the stuff into a glass beer-mug. Then she put another beside it and filled them both. And all the while Bob watched us, pistol in hand. He'd picked it up again. She put the beer-glasses under the counter for a moment, and then brought them out and put them on the table. "Now," she said. "Choose!"

For a minute the two men waited on each other. Then Bob laughed, bowed to the company, and took up one glass. "Here's luck! A merry life and a quick death!" He swigged it down at a draught. "Tastes all right," he went on. "Best beer I've sampled." He picked up his pistol again. "Come on! Your turn to drink now."

Pard sat like a stone. I think he knew that Bob had chosen the right glass, and that the one in front of him was the doctored drink. Then he shook his head, his tongue just licking his lips. "Drink!" roared Bob. "Drink, or I'll blow your blanky brains out. I've taken my chance. Take yours!"

You can imagine that room. The silence could be felt. Pard looked at his friend for a moment like a dog when its master kicks it. Then he picked up the glass, slowly. We held our breath. Still looking at Bob he raised it to his lips. And then the tension broke.

Bob seized the glass from his hand and banged it back on the table. It was thick and heavy, but we all expected it to break. A little of the beer slopped over the side. "No!" he roared. "You're my pal. I'm not killing you for any bitch of a woman. Come on out of this!" He turned to Maria. "That's what you are," he said in a sort of hushed voice, "a bitch! A blanky bitch! Why can't you behave like other women?" And without another word he took his partner's arm and marched out.

Batson wiped his face. "My word," he said, "that was hot! What would you have done if he'd drunk it?" But Maria, with a short, angry laugh, picked up the glass and drank it off herself.

"It was only sugar," she said.

Batson looked at her curiously.

"What's the matter, Maria? You seem fed up."

"He's no right to call me that name, Mr. Batson. I'm not what he called me, and I won't have it. If he comes here again I don't serve him."

And that was that!

J. G.

THE ISLE OF UNREST!

Although the political troubles in Madeira have caused a certain amount of anxiety to the Portuguese Government, the revolutionaries have tactfully kept the squabble in the family. Thus the English visitors seen above were enabled to enjoy their sun-baths undisturbed by any mere coup d'état

Fox Photos

Above: Lord and Lady Ullswater strolling in the gardens of their villa Quinta Boa Vista at Funchal. After the many disturbances Lord Ullswater witnessed during his long reign as Speaker of the House of Commons, the trouble in Madeira must appear most insignificant by comparison!

Left: A general view of the sunny little town of Funchal, where holiday-makers have been enjoying the glorious Spring weather unaffected by the stress and strife of local political upheavals

FLYING NOTES

ENGLISH PILOT COLLECTS THE "ASHES"

By Capt. C. E. Ward

The interior of one of the "Kent" class flying boats being put into service by Imperial Airways on the Mediterranean run. Evidently the comfort of passengers has been given careful thought

Great Scott! Some Moth!

MR. C. W. A. SCOTT's flight to Australia in a Gipsy Moth in just over nine days is a feat which is unlikely to be equalled by anyone using a light 'plane—at any rate, not for some years to come. The limit of human endurance must almost have been reached on the last stages, and, in fact, Mr. Scott said he would not attempt the flight again for a million pounds. His principal reason for attacking the record previously held by Kingsford-Smith and, prior to him, by Bert Hinkler, was in order that the "ashes" for this epic journey might belong to an English pilot, and we take off our hats to him and to the famous machine which he used, together with its unfaltering engine, thanks to Wakefield's "Castrol" and petrol by Shell. "Some Moth—That Was!"

In the Luxury Class

So much is heard about light 'planes costing from £450 to £850, which are cheaper to run than a car of equivalent value over distances in excess of, say, 20,000 miles, that one is apt to forget the man who must have a Rolls-Royce, and therefore looks for its counterpart in the air. I was not thinking of the limousine suitable for touring the family on the Continent, but of that type which holds two in addition to the chauffeur and maid. It is definitely in the luxury class, and one which will be in considerable demand in future as the price drops to more democratic levels. The Segrave Meteor is an example now being built in metal by Blackburn's, of Brough. Fitted with two inverted Gipsy engines, level flight can be maintained on one. This machine has seats for four, and cruises comfortably at 120 miles an hour, which is three times the average speed of the comparable car. An engineer-pilot can attend to two Gipsy engines quite easily on long week-ends at home or abroad, and even for extensive touring round the world the servicing of the machine and engines would present no real difficulty to one man if speed records were not included in the itinerary.

Examples and Precedents

TEA and toast or an apple in London, with breakfast and lunch at places en route to a dozen cities in Europe for dinner, is quite possible nowadays, not as a stunt but as part of a week-end tour. Such rapid changes in dining quarters are accomplished by air without the fatigue experienced in road and rail travel. London to Madrid for a dinner engagement, to Rome or Vienna for an opera, to Venice for gondolas and soft music, are summer-time trips which should be tried by those with machines having the necessary speed. One can read or write in the air with the greatest of ease, and the freedom from road shock combined with a sense of repose which flying creates must be tried to be appreciated. Amongst many points in "air touring without tears," don't forget that the pilot must have accurate maps such as those compiled by the Automobile Association for their flying members; also that a great deal of time and trouble is saved by wiring ahead for motor transport where a halt is scheduled, and for petrol and oil. Customs formalities are few, and rapid clearances can be expected at all frontiers.

Events of the Moment

THE new country club at Aston Clinton, between Tring and Aylesbury, is on the site of an old English manor, and the present house was built by Sir Anthony de Rothschild in the 'sixties. It has been converted for use as a sports and country club hotel, complete with all modern amenities, including an aerodrome. Many well-known people were present at the opening meeting last Saturday, which took the form of an Air and Motor Rally. This delightful spot will well repay a visit. The Air League holds its annual dinner to-night at Dorchester House, and an event of importance next month will be the first issue of "*Air*" and "*Airways*," retaining the best features of both journals in their original forms, one having been the official organ of the League and the other devoted to the interests of air travellers in every part of the world. The Lord Mayor of Bristol is holding a reception at the Municipal Airport on Saturday next, April 25, when the local Auxiliary Squadron, the Flying Club, and, in fact, everyone connected with aviation in the West of England will forgather for what promises to be a very good show. Gliding records are broken each week-end with the greatest of regularity, and if I record that Mr. G. M. Buxton, of the London Club, soared for three hours and one minute about ten days ago, it is quite probable that it will be ancient history by the time these Notes are in print.

A schoolboy being "taken for a ride." One of the twenty-five successful competitors at the Schoolboys' Exhibition who were given free flights in the Avian Sports by Henlys

In the Orbit of the Shining Sun, yet in the Heart of Fashionable London

On the very edge of beautiful Hyde Park, in full accord with the Westward trend, there now stands the Dorchester Hotel, built, designed and decorated to surpass in service and construction any hotel in any part of the world.

Its location provides at once the primary necessities of hotel life — sunshine, light, fresh air, quiet and ease of access. Its construction recognises a precise conviction born of great experience that the intangible excellencies of hotel service must spring from unseen devices and advanced architectural provision. You will perceive these excellencies immediately you enter The Dorchester — you will expect them, and quickly decline to dispense with them.

To-day The Dorchester provides a new experience in London's social life. You are invited to make its early acquaintance. You will be warmly welcomed.

To-morrow The Dorchester will be the residence and the rendezvous of those who would acquire address, accommodation and entertainment unequalled in modern luxury, yet tempered with dignity and entirely devoid of anxiety.

Entertainment at The Dorchester

It can be done with complete success more cheaply, and with less trouble than in many private residences. Private parties, business entertainments, public functions, banquets, charity balls—all can be accommodated in the sumptuous rooms available. There is a suite of ballrooms with reception rooms, whilst the main ballroom is capable of accommodating 1,200-1,500 people, and dining 700 at one time. Large garage accommodation is available beneath the grounds of the hotel, and clients can hire horses and grooms at any time for riding in Rotten Row. The Dorchester Dance Orchestra is under the direction of Melville Gideon.

The Dorchester Hotel

Park Lane, London, W.1. — Mayfair 8888

SUNDAY After Dinner Celebrity CONCERTS in the Ballroom

May 3rd KREISLER :: May 10th CHALIAPINE

THE TRUTH ABOUT WOMEN

SEX AND WORK

by

LADY (HAMILTON) GRANT

IN the good old days, when Tennyson wrote "The Princess," and *Punch* made jokes about "bloomers," who would have dreamed that within sixty years women would not only have the vote, but would even be Captains of Industry and Cabinet Ministers? The movement, though laughed at, has been deep-seated for many years. It found its early expression in Girton and Newnham and Lady Margaret's. It burst into flame in the Suffragette outbreak in Edwardian days. Then with the War, and with women's work in the War, the doors of the professional preserves and of Parliament were opened wide to womankind—and to-day every giggling girl not only has a vote, but carries in her knap-sack (or hand-bag) the Great Seal of England.

HOW is it all working? Has the sex factor proved unduly disturbing in the New Order? I think not. Indeed, it is remarkable how small a part it seems to play in work and work hours, considering that millions of young men and young women, not to mention perhaps more amatory middle-age, are daily and nightly brought into the closest contact in the course of business, in a way that would have staggered and scandalised our great-grandmothers. Why is this? Well, apart from all question of the normal moral restraints, which, it must be admitted, are apt to become ineffective in trying circumstances, there are one or two principles of commonsense at work that carry great weight.

MEN do not want entanglements in the business any more than in their private houses. They do not want sex to enter into their relations with their colleagues in business, their employers or their servants. Then again, "Les affaires sont les affaires"—and men want success and money for their work, not philandering.

Yevonde

LADY (HAMILTON) GRANT

Previous articles in this interesting series have been contributed by Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim, Miss Ethel Mannin, Mr. Collinson Owen, Miss Daphne du Maurier, Mr. Philip Page and Lady Terrington in our issues of March 11, 18, 25, April 1, 8 and 15. Back numbers are obtainable from the Publisher, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2, at 1s. 2d. post free.

"Kim" will sum up in the concluding article of this series, which will appear in next week's issue.

OF course, human nature being what it is, you cannot keep out sex, and it sometimes appears rather shockingly. I have heard pretty girls complain that they have failed to get appointments, or get their novels published, or put through a business contract, because they turned a deaf ear to the amative addresses of a prospective employer, publisher or business man. Often, I think, there is an hysterical, premature fear in some of these cases, which, anyway, are few and far between, and good work, good novels, and good business can usually succeed on their own merits. Men will not let good work slip past merely out of sexual spite. There are one or two points in this connection of which one may be pretty certain. Although sex-appeal and the surrender of virtue may have got some girls an opportunity, they have never led, by themselves, to success, which depends entirely on merit. Many women who have succeeded owe something to sex-appeal, but that can only help them to get a job, it cannot help them to keep it. Further, the very women who complain that brutal men have tried to induce them to barter their virtue are, as a rule, the very ones who trade most on their sex-appeal, provided this involves no practical surrender.

WOMEN who are deficient in sex-appeal make no complaint. They work the harder, knowing that they must succeed on merit and merit only. Throughout this welter of the sexes that rushes to business daily and nightly there is sex-subconsciousness. This manifests itself in acts of courtesy and consideration. Take it all round, the sex-factor is proving much less disturbing in the new social structure than our somewhat prurient great-grandmothers would have considered possible.

BUT I do wish the attractive women, who deliberately use sex-appeal, no doubt rightly, would not be so loud in their complaints when too much in that line is expected of them, causing offence and sometimes change of jobs. The use of limited sex-appeal must be something of a gamble, and gamblers must learn to lose gaily.

SUN WORSHIPPERS AT ESTORIL

The Earl of Cavan enjoying the sunshine outside the hotel. It would appear that he does not allow a holiday to prevent him from keeping his diary up to date

A group of visitors, including Lord Brabourne, on the verandah of the Estoril-Palacio Hotel snapped as they were about to set out for a morning stroll in the brilliant sunshine

Sir Trevor Dawson enjoying a mixed double on one of the excellent hard courts at Estoril. Sir Trevor is Superintendent of Ordnance at Vickers (Ltd.) and Chairman of their Armament and Shipbuilding Board

Lord Rothermere (right) and his nephew, Sir Hildebrand Harmsworth, outside the Estoril-Palacio Hotel. The former has been writing virile articles on India during his stay at Estoril

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

VICTORIANS TO THE FORE

By "Junius"

EDWARD HOLSTIUS

Whose new novel, "Pitiless Youth," is published by Geoffrey Bles this month. His "Gold Dust" was one of the most successful first novels published in recent years and is now in its fifth edition

AFTER your Lytton Stracheys, your Sitwells and their would-be imitators—those of the varnished heads (male) and plucked eyebrows (female)—have been thumping and whacking the poor Victorians, it would seem that a reaction is setting in amongst writers of fiction. More than one recently has taken some period of the Victorian era as a setting for a story. But none of them has done it so well as Miss Naomi Royde-Smith in *The Delicate Situation* (Gollancz: 7*s.* 6*d.*). Even the plot, reduced down to its bare lines, is Victorian. You have the haughty aristocrats, old maiden ladies, the beautiful young governess who is seduced by the son of the great house of the village, and, after a brief time of guilty splendour in Paris and St. John's Wood, comes home to die of consumption. Dozens of similar stories used to be published in the days of three volumes.

PERHAPS it is unfair to Miss Royde-Smith to give this bare outline of a novel which will delight and hold hundreds of readers. With this outline all resemblance to a Victorian novel ceases, because the author has used her material with consummate skill. Her character drawing is such that you live with her people as you read of Queen's Beaton in the crinoline days of the late 1850's; of Miss Quibell and Miss Christina Martin in their little lending library; and of Mary Paradise, the beautiful heroine, who was lured away by a false marriage. Miss Royde-Smith has the art of suggesting more than she says. Thus, as the story goes on a picture grows clearer and clearer in the reader's mind, not only of the atmosphere in which the characters are placed, but also of the characters themselves. At the end you feel as if you, too, had known them all intimately. Miss Royde-Smith has looked upon the Victorian period, and her readers will be grateful that she did not find it dull, stuffy, and lacking in interest.

Yevonde

SYLVIA THOMPSON

Whose latest novel, "Winter Comedy," is reviewed in this article. It is published by Heinemann at 7s. 6d

I'M sorry I can't feel any particle of this appreciation for *Men and Wives* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by I. Compton Burnett. This, too, has a Victorian setting, but some forty years later than Miss Royde-Smith's, the years we are told "when Victorianism began to break up into Emancipation." To me none of the characters are sympathetic, and they all talk in a way you never heard anywhere in the late 'nineties—and far too much at that.

ANOTHER novel, *Winter Comedy* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Sylvia Thompson, more than suggests that Victorianism had its merits. The setting here is of to-day when "in the sphere of personal relations discontent is in the air. The old rules and shibboleths are mocked in conversation, in fiction, in the theatre. Impossible triangular relationships are constantly attempted and fall into ruins." Miss Thompson's heroine, Caroline Vernon, is the wife of an unusual type of country doctor who has sacrificed a career of research in order to marry her. She is also an artist of ability. Essentially a woman of quiet temperament, the society in which they move makes her discontented, and after six years of a happy marriage "the new theories and the new talk" about her nearly lead to disaster. You must read *Winter Comedy* to see how cleverly Miss Thompson has presented the waves and currents of the "new" thought, and Caroline Vernon's reaction to the "old" thought. Yes, a very clever book of close observation and some witty lines, such as this about one of the characters, an American, telephoning "with her native air of being born to a mouthpiece."

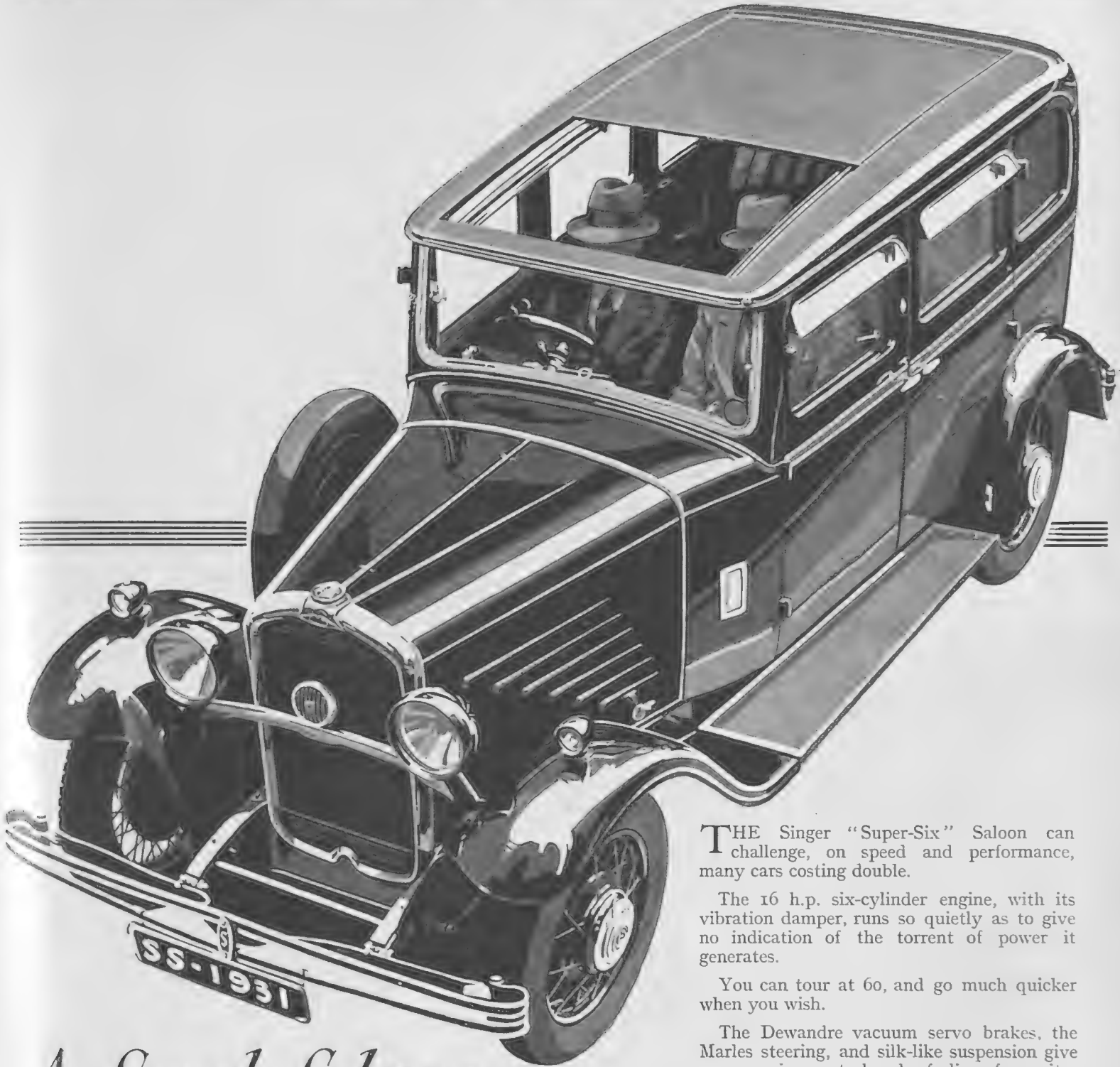
AT a time when the question of India looms so seriously over the national horizon nothing could have been more opportune than the appearance of *India: Land of the Black Pagoda* (Hutchinson), by Lowell Thomas. It will give those armchair critics, who think they know so much more than British officials who have spent their lives in the great country, facts hitherto beyond their knowledge and comprehension.

Mr. Thomas, starting from the extreme south, travelled through India up to Kashmir. He anticipated to do the journey in two months. It took two years. "India," he says, "is a land of splendour and magnificence far, far surpassing anything to be found in either Europe or America, and at the same time it is also a land of squalor and misery, so terrible that the mere memory of it still makes me shudder." You get vivid pictures of this magnificence and squalor and of the diversified peoples who make up what we call India.

This enthralling book is all the more authoritative since Mr. Thomas had Major Yeats-Brown, of *Bengal Lancer* fame, as his guide. He says it is

(Continued on page 194)

ONE SHOT LUBRICATION . . . REAR PETROL TANK . . . 4-SPEED GEARBOX . . . ETC.



A Superb Saloon with incredibly good performance

THE Singer "Super-Six" Saloon can challenge, on speed and performance, many cars costing double.

The 16 h.p. six-cylinder engine, with its vibration damper, runs so quietly as to give no indication of the torrent of power it generates.

You can tour at 60, and go much quicker when you wish.

The Dewandre vacuum servo brakes, the Marles steering, and silk-like suspension give you amazing control and a feeling of security.

The very comprehensive luxury equipment is described in detail in our lavishly illustrated coloured catalogue, which we will gladly send to you on request, or, if you wish, first go to your dealer and try this car, which has produced an endless pæan of praise from the press.

Price complete £340. (Other Models from £130.)

Soar in Silence at over Seventy in the

Singer "Super Six"

SINGER & COMPANY, LTD. London Showrooms: Stratton House, Piccadilly, W.1, and 202, Great Portland Street, W.1

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 192)

JOHN VAN DRUTEN

An impression by George Gershwin, the composer, of the author of "Young Woodley" and the very successful play, "After All," at the Criterion Theatre. Mr. Van Druten, who has already visited Hollywood to write talkies, will be returning there in the autumn under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to write two more "talkies"

impossible for any European traveller to get inside knowledge of India without a guru or guide, and Major Yeats-Brown is one of the very few Englishmen who have penetrated the veil which hides Indian life and religion. Everybody ought to read this book. It is a bird's-eye view from south to north of that vast country and its teeming millions, which enables you to realise, as no other book on India has done, the intricate complications of its administration and politics.

IT is curious that two of the most respectable of our kings in the seventeeth and eighteenth centuries should have had rakes of sons. Charles I and George III were models of faithful domesticity, yet Charles II and George IV didn't know the meaning of the word. To-day Charles II is chiefly remembered for the number of his mistresses, and as the founder of several of our ducal houses "on the wrong side of the blanket." Also as the last English sovereign who ennobled his illegitimate sons.

Mr. David Loth has something more than this to tell us in *Royal Charles* (Routledge: 15s.). He makes no attempt to whitewash Charles's moral character, but he shows the monarch's kindness and lovable nature. We all know Charles was affectionately called "Old Rowley" by his subjects. This name, Mr. Loth says, was given him first by his courtiers, after that of a famous stallion in the Royal stables.

ANOTHER book dealing with a famous historical character is *The Tragic Queen*, by Andrew Dakers (Hutchinson: 12s. 6d.), a study of Mary Queen of Scots. Mr. Dakers throws new light on a much-discussed character in setting out to prove Mary's innocence of Darnley's assassination, and that she was not a party to her abduction by Bothwell. Mr. Dakers has a profound knowledge of his subject and presents his case admirably. Even to-day there are still many lovers of the unfortunate Queen, and this is a book they ought to have on their shelves. One of its many excellent points is that throughout all the maze of politics, of plot and counterplot, of those times, Mr. Dakers' narrative runs clearly.

THERE'S quite a run of novels on circus life. The latest is *Circus Show* (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.), by Joseph Delmont. It tells the story of Rudolf Parry, the proprietor of a circus travelling about Central Europe. Since the author himself has been an acrobat, an animal-trainer, and a big game trapper the pictures he gives of circus life are actual. It is a thrilling story.

"JUNIUS."

THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Luncheon

GRAPE FRUIT À L'AMERICAINE.

LOBSTER QUENELLES.

POULET À LA CARMELITE.
POMMES DE TERRE À LA MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL.

MOUSSE AU CITRON.

CAFÉ.

Lobster Quenelles

TAKE the meat from a large lobster, pound it in a mortar very fine, adding a teaspoonful of bread crumbs, an egg, and a piece of butter. Pass all through a sieve, and season with salt and cayenne to taste, and mix it with the spawn of the lobster rubbed through a hair sieve, and then a teaspoonful of cream. Shape the quenelles with a dessertspoon and poach them for five minutes. Quenelles may be served hot or cold, and set in aspic jelly.

Poulet à la Carmelite

PREPARE a chicken as for roasting, and fill with forcemeat. Place in a casserole with half a pint of water, and season with salt, plenty of pepper, cayenne, and any spice liked; it should be very "hot." Take about a pound of mushrooms, the same of tomatoes, and a red capsicum, and cut all into pieces. Add a wineglassful of tarragon vinegar—and a few forcemeat balls are an improvement. Cover, and let simmer gently for an hour, or a little longer, and serve in the dish in which cooked.

The menu of a dinner served at the Piccadilly Hotel. It has been signed by Ernest, who recently took over the management of the Restaurant here after being at the Kit-Cat

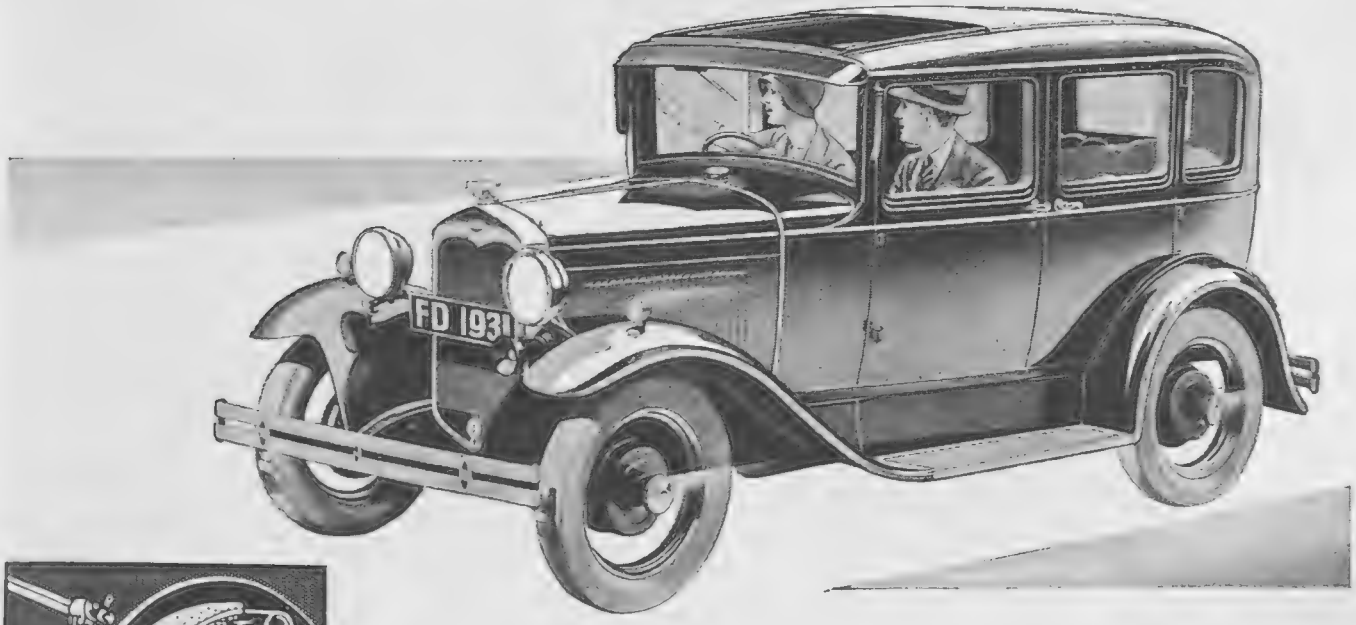
Pommes de Terre à la Maître d'Hôtel

PEEL two pounds of potatoes thinly (of an even size), boil them till nearly done, take up and drain them. When cold cut them into not-too-thin slices. Melt an ounce of butter in a stew-pan, stir in half an ounce of flour, and cook for a few minutes without browning. Add gradually half a pint of boiling milk and a little stock, stir, and cook for ten minutes. Strain and return to the pan, put in the potatoes, a tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley, and the juice of half a lemon; season to taste with salt, pepper, and a little grated nutmeg. Shake the pan, and be careful not to break the slices of potato. When thoroughly heated, dish up.

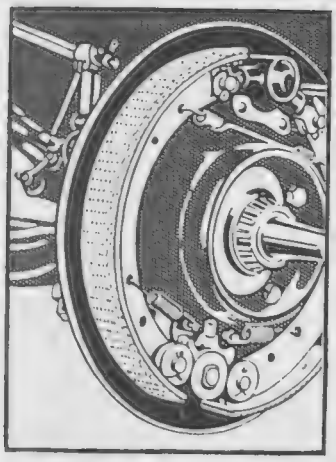
Mousse au Citron

SOAK 1 oz. of gelatine in cold water for six hours, then dissolve it over the fire. Add the thin peel of two lemons, the strained juice of three, and ½lb. of castor sugar. Let all boil for a few minutes, strain it, and leave till nearly cold. Beat the whites of two eggs to a froth, add them to the jelly, and whisk all together for quite ten minutes till the mixture becomes the consistency of sponge. Pour into a wetted mould and leave till next day.

What happens when you apply your brakes?



New Ford De Luxe Fordor Saloon, with sliding roof, 24 h.p. £225 *at works, Manchester.*
(14.9 h.p. £5 *extra.)*



Scientific design, unexcelled materials and matchless workmanship give the New Ford braking efficiency of an order incredible until tested—and found 100% *adequate.*

DOES the car slow-down, as quickly as you wish, noiselessly but promptly, and still dead on its course?

Or does its tail wag, so that the car seems to slither from under you, with you wondering where you're going to come to a standstill, *and when?*

FORD braking is proportioned to FORD engine-performance. It is amply powerful, yet progressive. It makes you feel safe because you are safe. FORD suspension helps, of course! FORD weight-disposition helps! FORD lightness (springing from highly scientific design, material and workmanship) facilitates prompt, efficient braking, puts it on a par with FORD comfort, economy, serviceability, all-round money's worth.

Your local Ford Dealer will let the car do the talking. He knows. He doesn't have to *sell* the FORD.

NEW FORD PRICES

Tudor Saloon	24 *h.p.*	£180
Touring Car	,,	£185
Standard Coupé	,,	£185
Cabriolet	,,	£210
3-window Fordor Saloon	,,	£210
De Luxe Touring Car	,,	£225

14.9 *h.p.* £5 *extra.*

All prices at works, Manchester.

LINCOLN Ford FORDSON

AIRCRAFT

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED || 88 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1
TRAFFORD PARK, MANCHESTER

DOGS

Sport and General

Some of the dogs which took part in the Kennel Club's Field Trials for Pointers and Setters born last year. The trials took place at Orwell Park, near Ipswich

KENNEL-MAIDS AND KENNEL WAYS

By Lady Kitty Ritson

I AM often asked by girls whether they would be well-advised to take up the profession of kennel-maid, and what are the duties. I think a few words on this subject would be rather opportune, as this is the time of year when owners of kennels are engaging new hands and fresh arrangements are being made.

Now, believe me, it is not enough to "be fond of dogs" and to like the country. You should be like a nun and have a vocation. And remember that it is a vastly different matter looking after your own dogs to looking after somebody else's. I don't mind how many nights I sit up with my sick animals, but I confess that I should feel less enthusiastic about other people's, although I should do it for the sake of the dogs.

IF, however, you feel that you really do wish to be a kennel-maid, don't be a dear little amateur. You must be prepared to pay a premium to learn your job, and while you are choosing where you will go be certain to choose a place where you will be able to handle sick dogs, whelping cases, matings, etc. It is a good life if you are strong and really love dogs, but it is also heartbreaking, for you have no say in the matter of sales, and you see your best-beloveds being transferred to the cold care of strangers and you never hear of them again. It is not an easy life, for you may have to be up with a whelping bitch till all hours of the morning, and your regular time off is very problematical; but it repays all the labour if you are really interested, and a girl who knows her job and is conscientious can obtain good wages. If any of you who read this wish to know more about the subject I shall be very pleased to advise you, but remember that it is absolutely necessary to be very strong. It is not a particularly intellectual occupation, yet, like everything else, if you have a good brain you can employ it, for there is much to be learnt about breeding theories, Mendelism, etc.

FEW people realise that at this time of year dogs can get very livery, just like human beings. If your dog is suffering from liver he will yawn a good deal and he may be sick in the morning. He also shivers occasionally. Liver complaints are generally caused by over-feeding on cakes and rich foods, but a chill may also be the cause. Dogs are very susceptible to chills. The best treatment consists in giving a very light diet such as fish or tripe, and regular walking exercise. Keep the dog warm, whether he is in a kennel or the house, but don't let him become lazy and constipated. Liver complaints can become very serious, so it is as well to treat them firmly at once.

Do not forget that there is free Veterinary advice at your disposal by a fully qualified Veterinary Surgeon for your dog if, when required, you will communicate with me.

POPE & BRADLEY

INDIVIDUALITY

THE House of Pope and Bradley is essentially individual: its atmosphere is unique.

THE materials used are designed by the Directors, and are exclusively manufactured for this House alone: they are the finest that can be produced, and are not obtainable elsewhere.

THESE superb clothes are moulded to the figure by cutters who are artists. Our style is easy and unaccentuated, and the art of cutting is displayed, where necessary, in creating the illusion of slimness with a man of stout build, and of height with a man of moderate stature.

OUR clothes are sewn by hand, by the finest West End "log" journeymen craftsmen. Without good journeymen, the finest cutter's work may be ruined; it is intensive labour that imparts style, and intensive labour that ensures a suit holding its shape and style for years. Herein lies the paramount superiority to the machine-made product, which loses its shape for ever within a few short months.

LOUNGE Suits from ten guineas, Dinner Suits from fifteen guineas, Dress Suits from sixteen guineas.

14 OLD BOND STREET, W
and
11&13 Southampton Row, W.C.;
also at
163 St Ann's Square, MANCHESTER.

CVS—20.

NO OTHER SPORTS SHOE FITS AND GRIPS LIKE THE

NORTH BRITISH

MOULDED

"SCOTIA"

MADE LIKE A TYRE—WEARS LIKE A TYRE

THE "SCOTIA" is an entirely new sports shoe; *moulded* in one piece like a tyre; the sole cannot come off.

For fast footwork there is no shoe to equal the "SCOTIA." It fits like a glove and has a magnificent grip. Wear "SCOTIA" Moulded Shoes and you will improve your game.

PRICES: Men's 5/11 Women's 4/11

Made of Lancashire Cotton and British Rubber by British Labour.

BRITISH MADE by THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO., LTD., Edinburgh and London.

Goldhold

Another Fine Hunting Print in Colour from the Famous Publishing House of FROST & REED.

"GONE AWAY."

Engraved in mezzotint and printed in colour by T. Hamilton Crawford, after A. Wheeler of Bath.

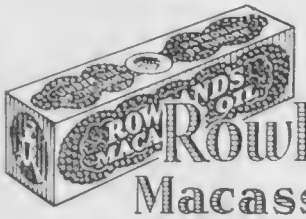
A Limited Edition of Signed Proofs only at **£8 : 8 : 0** each.

Size of colour surface, 14″ × 21″, beyond which there is ample margin for framing.

Any reputable Printseller will show you this work without obligation to purchase, or it may be obtained from the Publishers

FROST & REED, Ltd.,
10, CLARE STREET, BRISTOL.
26c, King Street, St. James's, London, S.W.1.
Publishers of Fine Prints since 1808

The hair fixative that men like is Rowland's Macassar Oil, for it keeps the hair always immaculate, yet does not give an unnatural "plastered down" appearance, and is unobtrusively perfumed with genuine Otto of Roses.



Of all Chemists, Stores, and Hairdressers—3/6, 7/- and 10/6. Red for dark hair, golden for fair or grey hair.

Rowland's Macassar Oil

JH&Co.

A. ROWLAND & SONS, Ltd., 112, Guilford Street, London, W.C.1.

BAD-NAUHEIM

Near Frankfurt am Main. From Victoria, 21 hours.

The World's Heart-curing Spa

Equally beneficial for Arterio Sclerosis, Spinal Complaints, Nervous Disorders, Rheumatism, Gout, Disturbances of the Respiratory Organs.

Saline Thermal Springs, rich in carbonic acid.

A charming and restful place.

Plenty of Amusements—Outdoor Sports

A new large golf course will be opened, Summer, 1931

Divine Service in the English St. John's Church from May till September.

For all particulars apply to the Special Representative, R. O. Rohme, 90, Sheaveshill Avenue, Colindale, London, N.W.9, or to German Railways Information Bureau, 19, Regent Street, S.W.1, and tourist offices.

Do you live in EGYPT

THE SUDAN, UGANDA, KENYA, TANGANYIKA?

Have you Friends There?

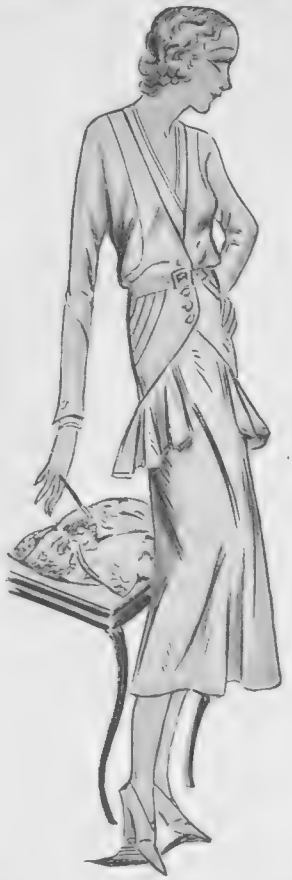
The inauguration of the African air route by Imperial Airways Limited as far as Mwanza (Tanganyika) opens up a new era for shopping by air in the old country.

By arrangement with Imperial Airways Limited, Illustrated Newspapers Limited, the proprietors of ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, SKETCH, TATLER, BYSTANDER, SPHERE, GRAPHIC and BRITANNIA & EVE, have established an Air Parcel Bureau by which, under certain conditions, orders entrusted to them by overseas and home readers will be despatched by air to the countries named.

SHOP THROUGH THE GREAT EIGHT AIR PARCEL BUREAU

Under this scheme it is possible for residents in England to send out to their friends on the African air route, presents, clothing or other articles which they may need. Small motor car spare parts may also be sent.

A folder describing the scheme, and rates, can be obtained from Imperial Air Stations at Cairo, Assiut, Luxor, Assuan, Halfa, Kareima, Khartoum, Kosti, Malakal, Shambe, Juba, Butiabo, Port Bell, Kisumi and Mwanza, or from the GREAT EIGHT Air Parcel Bureau, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2.



CELES
(PURE SILK)
LATEST MODELS

PURE CELES SILK REG'D

Model 2903
Dress with shaped panels and frill, and Ivory vest. Made in Ivory and all plain shades, also in fine stripes.

Model 2924
Sleeveless Dress with Coatee in Ivory and plain colours, all shades; also in fine stripings.

Wholesale and Export only. Douglas Dickson & Son, Ltd., 73, Robertson Street, Glasgow.

Woollands

Exclusive Silks and Dress Materials

"SAN-TOY" FABRICS

Delightfully new designs in these renowned "Courtauld" Fabrics. These are the most reliable of any fabrics of this make, being practically Uncrushable and Washable. Novel effects in Geometrical, "Tweedy," and Floral Designs. 36 inches wide. Prices, per yard **3/11, 4/11, 5/11, 6/11**

TWEED ROMAINE

Two ranges of Novelty Wool Romaine in "Tweedy" pattern. One in "tone and tone" Check, and the other in "Phantom" Check effect. Ideal for Gowns and Two-Piece Garments. 54 inches wide. Price, per yard **12/9**

PIQUE DE SOIE

A new Coloured Silk Fabric for summer wear. It is a Fine Cord and in Pale Shades, Shot with White, suitable for Costumes, Dresses, etc. Width 32 inches. Price, per yard **14/11**

Also two ranges in Light Pastel, Self Colours and White. Width 32 inches. Prices, per yard **10/11 & 12/11**

SHANTUNGS

We are stocking a number of ranges in Pastel Shades in this popular fabric. There is the new "Duppion," a silk of Lyons manufacture, but with a coarser rib than the usual Shantung. Width 32 inches Price, per yard **7/11**

We have also two better qualities of Lyons Shantungs, suitable for Costumes, etc Width 32 inches. Prices, per yard **9/11 to 13/9**

Our usua. reliable quality of Chinese Shantung stocked in a full range of shades. Width 32 inches (Last season's price 4/6.) Price, per yard **3/11**

PATTERN SENT ON APPLICATION

Woolland Bros. Ltd *Knightsbridge, S.W.1*

HARVEY NICHOLS

have in their Blouse Department the newest and most fascinating styles at the most modest prices.

THIS charming sleeveless blouse of rich soft satin is trimmed with tiny kilted frills and finished with a soft bow. Gaugings on the shoulder ensure becoming fullness. It is made in white, beige, pink, and a range of the season's newest shades. Sizes 13½, 14, 14½.

25/9

O.S. 29/6

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1

Fashions Fancies

Exclusive Bystander *photograph* *By Lenare*

A SIMPLE ENSEMBLE FOR FASHIONABLE FUNCTIONS

Fashionable ensembles are often black, like this Parisian model from the salons of Robert Heath, Knightsbridge. It is of marocain, the vest is of white piqué, and so are the cuffs of the short coat. The scheme is completed with a white flower

MONKEY JACKETS, BEACH SUITS & TRANSPARENT BRIMS

Caledon jade green has been used in the dyeing of this artificial silk evening gown. The hip yoke and graceful folds are important features

For the "Outdoor" Woman

THE "outdoor" woman comes into her own as far as fashions are concerned during the ensuing months, and the thoughts of the great majority are concentrated on outfits for the beach, mountains, and the countryside in general. No special kit is needed by the motorist—just a good wrap coat and a hat that sets well down on the head. A perfectly plain dress completes the outfit, the reading of the thermometer settles the question whether it shall be of wool or silk or a mixture of the two.

The Simple Tennis Frock

As the leading tennis clubs prefer that their members shall wear white this is usually done; a touch of colour is permissible in the belts or shoes that are outlined to match the former. The dresses are usually of silk, and, of course, the average player who belongs to what is frequently called a private club indulges her fancy in pastel shades. Silk piqué is rapidly coming into its own, this is a matter for congratulation, as it washes and wears extremely well. All these frocks are provided with those gadgets that have passed the censorship of successful players.

The Important Coat

THE coat for slipping on after a game is very important; chilly mortals usually go "nap" on a long affair expressed in fleece or camels' hair, they are available in natural as well as gay colours. There is no monotony about the short coats in design, materials and colourings; above all things they must be decorative. There is the "monkey" jacket that terminates at the waist and is frequently outlined with white silk braid. In striking contrast to this is the model that silhouettes the figure and is reinforced with an amusing, much-flared basque, the collar, cuffs and revers are of the same material as the dress. Tailored cardigans are among the other types that will be worn. The cross-over coat has arrived, it is the prerogative of the slender woman, the ends are knotted at the back when the wearer walks, but when she is seated she usually prefers to let them fall in stole ends at the sides.

The Decorative Trousered Suit

NOTHING could be more graceful than the tailored trouser suit. Here is a description of one that may appropriately be worn on the beach, river, in the garden, as well as at any sylvan function. The trouser-skirt is of white crêpe de Chine strewn with black polka dots. There is a deep yoke that perfectly moulds the hips, subsequently a flounce of inverted pleats is seen, which forms the trousers. The corsage portion of old-world design is of white crêpe de Chine with a Marie Antoinette fichu of black and white outlined with knife-pleated frills; lace mittens and a shady hat complete the scheme. There are also beach and garden suits of cretonne, Shantung and kindred fabrics.

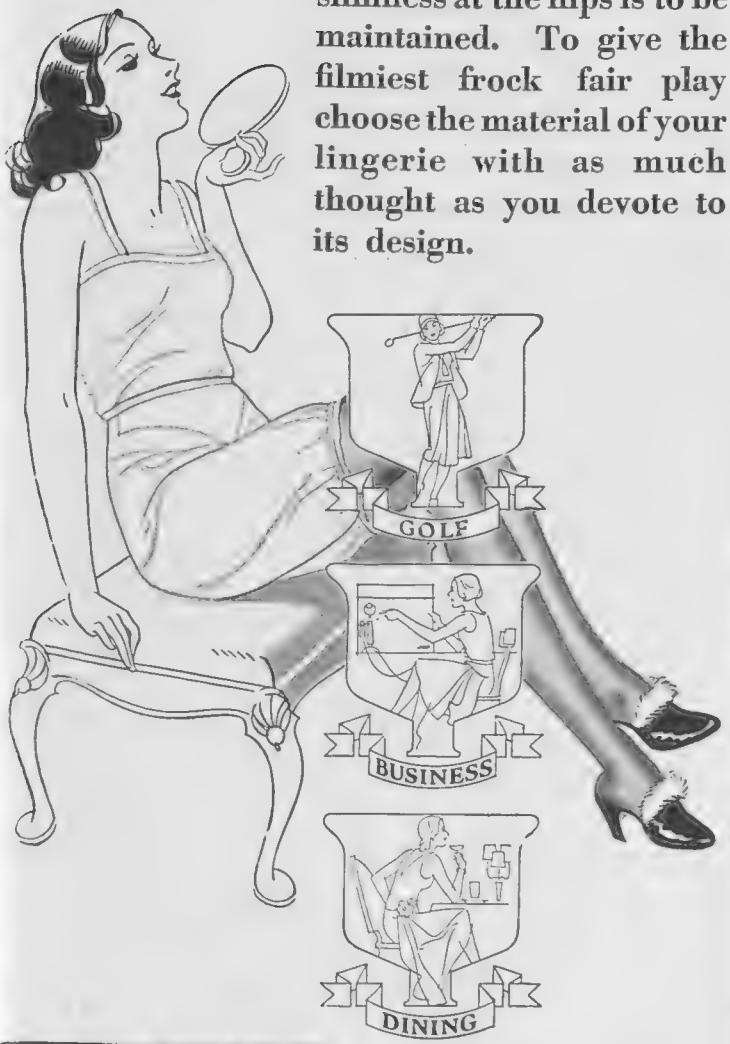
Wool Stockinette Beach Suits

THE unpleasant weather which prevailed during the holiday season last year has reminded women that they must include one wool stockinette beach suit in their summer outfits. The well-known firm of Wolsey are making a feature of the same; a strong point in their favour is that they do not become crumpled and bedraggled with damp or sand. They are available in a variety of colour schemes and styles, the majority of them being accompanied with a thoroughly practical swimmer. This firm is responsible for the suit on the right of this page. Note the full trousers and the smart coatee.

This Wolsey beach suit is of wool stockinette, and is available in a variety of colour schemes. Some of these suits have wrap-over skirts mounted on a slender hip yoke with peasant pockets

YOURS INTIMATELY

There must be an intimate understanding between underwear and the frocks of to-day if the fashionable slimness at the hips is to be maintained. To give the filmiest frock fair play choose the material of your lingerie with as much thought as you devote to its design.



COURTAULDS
SERACETA

Look for Courtaulds House Mark when choosing underwear.

The best makers of Lingerie use Courtaulds Rayon because it possesses the essential qualities of softness and resilience combined with strength to resist wear and wash. Courtaulds Rayon, which is entirely British, is the finest foundation for foundation garments.

CPD 104-61

PETER ROBINSON

415. The Ensemble illustrated is typical of a wide selection of attractive styles available in the Inexpensive Dress Department. It is of Satin-stripe Washing Silk with plain coloured Crêpe de Chine Coat.

Sizes: S.W. and W.

98/-

PETER ROBINSON, LTD., OXFORD ST. & REGENT ST., W.1.

Telephone No., Museum 7700.

MOTOR NOTES

CASUALTIES AND CAUSES

By E. M. Wright

Mr. Jack Buchanan, the bright particular star of the successful musical comedy, "Stand Up and Sing," at the Hippodrome. He is seen standing up and smiling beside his magnificent new eight-litre Bentley car

IN the eyes of the public, the police and the Press, motorists are all of them potential murderers. If a motorist is involved in a fatal accident he is almost automatically adjudged guilty by the ghoulish crowd which immediately collects from nowhere, by the policeman who elbows his way to the victim's side, and by a sensation-loving Press which serves up the story with arresting and frequently misleading headlines the following day. The pedestrian can do no wrong. The law prescribes heavy penalties for careless driving. It contents itself with pious exhortations to the pedestrian to look where he is going. "Walking to the public danger" is not a punishable offence. It is, however, far more prevalent than dangerous driving, and may be equally serious in its consequences. The "jay-walker" does not merely risk his own life; he is a menace to every other road user. In swerving to avoid the day-dreamer a motorist may very easily either knock down another pedestrian or crash into another vehicle. And, to add insult to injury, he will almost certainly be hailed before the courts for careless or dangerous driving!

***

THE truth is that those who do not themselves drive cars or motor cycles still look upon them much as prehistoric man regarded the dinosaurs and other fearsome beasts which flourished some tens of thousands of years ago. Once every three months the Metropolitan Police issue a "Summary of fatalities caused by vehicles" in the preceding quarter. In this summary they lump together every fatality in which a vehicle was the instrument of death. Doubtless the police are literally correct in claiming that such deaths were *caused* by motor cars and other vehicles. But to suggest—as such phraseology does suggest — that the drivers of the vehicles were in each case responsible for the accident is wholly incorrect. In the majority of cases the drivers were, in fact, free of all responsibility.

***

DURING one typical quarter there were 407 fatalities. Among the headlines appearing in the Press were "Private Cars the Deadliest Vehicles." "Toll of the Traffic," while one report stated that "Of the 407 killed, 390 were victims of mechanically propelled vehicles." How terrible, and how utterly misleading! Of these "victims," 288, or roughly 70 per cent., lost their lives for reasons altogether outside the control of motorists. Of the 267 pedestrians killed 235 suffered through their own carelessness or recklessness. No fewer than 135 were, for example, killed through "crossing without due care," 26 through "hesitating and/or faltering," while two actually committed suicide! In 53 fatalities in which pedal cyclists were involved there was nothing in the summary to show that in any one of these accidents a motor vehicle was responsible. Motorists, in other words, could be held blameworthy in only 119, or 30 per cent., of the fatal accidents recorded. And even then it is only fair to assume that in a large number of cases there was contributory negligence on the part of pedestrians or other motorists.

***

CIRCUMSTANCES, too, sometimes make it impossible for even the most careful driver to avoid an accident, and it is often more a question of luck than of anything else whether that accident develops into a tragedy or not. So long, for instance, as we have glass-smooth roads with greasy, oily surfaces skids are inevitable, and the marvel is that the death roll is as low as it is. Even a London bus driver, who must pass a stiff test on a special greased surface at the driving school at Chiswick, is occasionally involved in a skidding accident. A fatality arising out of a skid is surely caused by the state of the road. Yet the official summary will describe it as being "caused" by the bus.

***

THE underlying cause of most of the accidents in which cars and pedestrians are involved is the chaotic state of the law. Pedestrians freely claim their inalienable right to wander where they will. They will *not* be controlled as all other classes of traffic are controlled. We are, however, at last beginning to realise that foot as well as wheeled traffic must obey rules.

(*Continued on page iv*)

Part of the fleet of Chevrolet vans entrusted with the task of conveying millions of Irish Hospital sweepstake tickets to the Mansion House at Dublin prior to the draw. They were accorded a special police escort

AS . DEPENDABLE . AS . AN . AUSTIN

THE SIXTEEN BURNHAM SALOON

The car that ought to cost £500—*but doesn't*

The Austin Sixteen Saloon—either coach-built or fabric—costs £335! You may think, therefore, that this figure is a true indication of the car's actual value. Judged by Austin's standards, it is. Compared with other cars of like quality, like design, like performance, your judgment must tell you that *it is value far above price.*

For these reasons:

The Austin Sixteen is a full-sized five-seater, unskimped in any way, with the comfort and riding ease of cars of a much higher price. Its finish and equipment are such as are found only in cars which cost from £400-£500. Superb coach-work, luxurious pliable leather or moquette upholstery, folding tea-tables, folding arm-rests and folding foot-rests —these features it has . . . these are but a few of its obvious qualities.

But even more, its hidden merit—those qualities which only actual ownership through the years can reveal—sets a standard of values approached only by cars in a higher price class . . . in particular, its engineering excellence, its unflagging performance, its long lasting wear summed up by the words *outstanding dependability.*

Investigate this car—see it, examine it feature by feature, try it on the road—compare it in appearance, performance and equipment with any car in the £500 class. You then will be convinced that only Austin has succeeded in producing such a car at such a price. And the fact is, that no firm but Austin could.

The Sixteen Burnham Saloon (as Illustrated)

£335

(At Works)

Upholstered in leather, furniture hide or moquette. Equipment includes: Triplex glass, chromium finish, Dunlop tyres. Salisbury Fabric Saloon (6 window) £335. Beaconsfield Fabric Saloon (4 window) £335. New Open Road Tourer £310. Harrow 2-Seater £310 Sunshine Roof £10 extra.

READ THE AUSTIN MAGAZINE: 4d every month

AUSTIN

The Austin Motor Company Ltd., Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven: 479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11.

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page ii)

Our "Please cross here" signs are the beginning of an overdue offensive against the "jay-walker." In a few years' time we shall have to take a lesson from the French and forbid pedestrians to cross except at specified points. Polite requests will have to become definite commands. Similarly with our grandmotherly Highway Code. Its pious exhortations must ultimately develop into a code of unequivocal rules binding upon pedestrians and motorists alike. Pedestrians have formed an association to defend their rights. So far its activities seem mainly to have been confined to opposition to reforms like the abolition of the speed limit. Given a free hand the association would regulate motor traffic out of existence. Were it possessed of wider vision and freed of its present bias it would begin framing a code for the regulation of foot traffic—in the interests of pedestrians themselves.

IN THE NEWS

"O.K. Baby"

A veteran baby, with a first-class win in this country already to its credit, was successful in the Australian 200-mile Grand Prix, run a few weeks ago at Cowes, Philip Island, near Melbourne. This was the Austin Seven which had previously won the Five Hundred Miles Race at Brooklands. The driver was Mr. Cyril Dickason, the famous Australian racing motorist. Another Austin Seven won the Class A event (850 c.c.). The race is run over a gruelling course of 200 miles, and some idea of the hard going may be obtained from the fact that last year of the 22 starters only nine finished the course. Three of them, by the way, were Austin Sevens.

Campbell's Cars

The latest addition to Captain Sir Malcolm Campbell's fleet of cars is a Rolls-Royce Phantom II Continental touring saloon. The car possesses a number of unusual features, among them special stone-guards underneath the wings to prevent damage to the paintwork from flying stones. Another unusual feature is the decoration of the front apron with strips of chromium-plated steel. The wire wheels with which the car is fitted are made entirely of stainless steel. Sir Malcolm is himself installing a wireless set. The colour scheme is of the peculiar shade of blue which Sir Malcolm has specified on all his Rolls-Royce cars, and which has now come to be known as "Campbell Blue." The Continental touring saloon mounted on the short Phantom II 40-50 h.p. chassis is specially designed to maintain high average speeds over indifferent roads.

While visiting Wolverhampton recently to take delivery of a Star "Comet" coupé, Sir Malcolm Campbell remarked that it was openly stated in America that Britain made the finest engines in the world and the finest tyres. Referring to the 1931 Star models, Sir Malcolm described the hydraulic four-wheel jacking system as a boon and a blessing to owner-drivers.

Mrs. R. C. Owen-Walls, of St. Austell, Cornwall, beside her husband's new 1931 Stutz. The car, which was supplied by Messrs. Warwick Wright, Ltd., is a four-door English coachbuilt saloon painted blue, with the wings, wheels and top leather in light fawn

Latest Sunbeam Catalogue

Catalogues nowadays are almost "literature." The latest Sunbeam catalogue is a handsome brochure with plenty of excellent illustrations. It gives full details of the 1931 range of 16 h.p., 20 h.p., and 25 h.p. models, of which no fewer than nineteen are listed at prices ranging from just over £400 to £1,250. Readers of THE BYSTANDER can obtain copies post-free from the Sunbeam Motor Car Company, Moorfield Works, Wolverhampton, or from their London showrooms, 12, Prince's Street, Hanover Square. E. M. W.

Come to this haven of mid-ocean peace

—where rest and new life await you

AWAY in the Western Atlantic, unspoiled and undisturbed by rush and hurry, is the home of the Bluebird where true joy is found. Bermuda, preserving the traditions of the old colonial days, knows the secret of happy life. Everywhere there is comfort in keeping with inborn hospitality. Natural beauties fascinate on sea and land. Golf, tennis, yachting, surf bathing are enjoyed under unique, ideal conditions.

You will get new life and vigour from the trip out and home and a stay in Bermuda and bring home life-long happy memories. Why not come out this year?

BERMUDA

Write for full particulars and dates of special tours to the Pacific Steam Navigation Coy., Goree, Water Street, Liverpool; or The Bermuda Trade Development Board, 329, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

Same Old Headache Every Afternoon

A Sign of Poisonous Waste Accumulating In Your Body

That same old dull ache in your head every afternoon—that sudden mysterious tired feeling that comes on you before the day is done and sends you home more ready for bed than for your supper—it's one of the surest signs your intestines are falling down on the job and letting the waste matter accumulate. The stored up waste putrefies—setting up toxins and poisons that sap your strength and energy, cause your head to ache and make you feel as if you had lost every friend in the world.

One of the best things you can do for sluggish intestines is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This has a splendid cleansing and stimulating effect upon both the stomach and intestines. You can make the hot water and lemon juice doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder.

This is a famous old natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to flush the intestines and to combat the putrefactive processes and acidity. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish. Get about four ounces of Kutnow's Powder from any chemist to start with. Use it faithfully for six or seven days. The change in your condition will amaze you. You'll feel like a new person, improved in appetite, in colour and clearness of complexion. The years will have seemed to be lifted from your shoulders.

Every chemist knows Kutnow's Powder and will be glad to sell you four ounces for a test.

Forget the Budget "Pop"

and "pop" up to the jolliest

WHITSUN

at the ever popular

PALACE HOTEL BUXTON

(Derbyshire's Mountain Spa), with air like wine, replete with sport of every sort

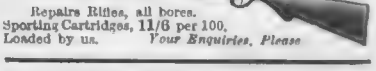
THE MIDLAND GUN CO., GUNMAKERS

BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

Send for Catalogue FREE.

OUR MANUFACTURES FOR SPORT.

Single Barrel Guns, Ejectors,	from	£2 10s.	0d.
Double " Ejector Guns	"	£11 10s.	0d.
" " Hammer Guns	"	£4 4s.	0d.
" " Side Lock Guns	"	£9 10s.	0d.
" " Hammerless Guns	"	£7 0s.	0d.



Repairs Rifles, all bores.
Sporting Cartridges, 11/6 per 100.
Loaded by us. *Your Enquiries, Please*

RHEUMATISM
GOUT, SCIATICA

For many years the famous

A. BEJEAN'S Specific

has given PROMPT RELIEF to sufferers from Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Neuritis and kindred ailments. Thousands who had tried many Medicines without results have found that this Remedy relieves quickly painful muscles and stiff joints.

TRY a bottle.

Sold by all Chemists. Price per bottle 10s. 6d.
Wholesale: WILCOX, JOZEAU & Co., Ltd.
15, Great St. Andrew Street, London, W.C.2

Choose your LINING

as you would your

PIANO — *by the*

NAME & MARK.

WHEN a great pianist performs exclusively on an instrument of one particular make, clearly his sensitive ears and fingers can gain satisfaction from no other. Men of nice taste in matters of dress are equally emphatic as to the importance of the right Lining. They choose Linings on which the name "COURTINE" is stamped. They know this name guarantees the finest and most enduring sheen, a blend of strength with suppleness, and entire freedom from fraying and change of colour. Your Tailor can Supply "COURTINE" LININGS —woven and guaranteed by COURTAULDS—for both formal and informal wear. There is no substitute "just as good."

Ask your Tailor to use only "Courtine" (REGISTERED) LININGS

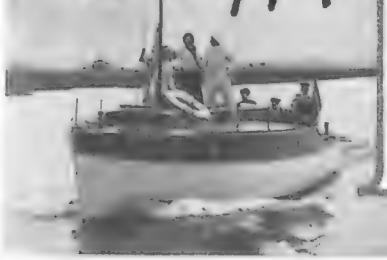
The name is on the selvedge.

GUARANTEED FULLY SHRUNK.

If any difficulty in obtaining "COURTINE" LININGS, write to the Manufacturers: COURTAULDS, LTD., 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1.

THORNYCROFT MOTOR BOATS

For happy days afloat!



We have a number of new and secondhand craft of various types available for immediate delivery. Inspection on the Thames by appointment.

Full particulars from:
JOHN I. THORNYCROFT & CO., LIMITED,
Thornycroft House, Smith Sq., LONDON, S.W.1.

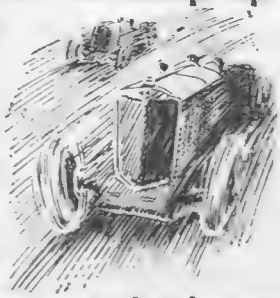
Warwick Wright Says

"COME AND BE THRILLED AT THE SPECIAL TALBOT SHOW

APRIL 20TH to MAY 2ND"

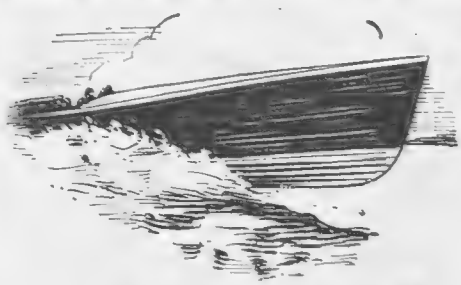
BY WARWICK WRIGHT LTD.
150, NEW BOND STREET, W.1.

Get all the thrills that speed can give, but get them in the snug security of the deep upholstered seats of the Talbot.



Despite its continuous successes in speed events, it is essentially safe, so quiet and tractable when required, yet jumping to instant speeding life at a touch of the throttle.

Come and try this car yourself at our showrooms where you will see a most comprehensive selection of coachwork from which to choose. Talbot experts will be at your disposal.



SEE THE SHOW FROM APRIL 20TH - MAY 2ND
150, NEW BOND STREET, W.1.

Mayfair 2904

Woodcroft

THE EDITOR'S BOX

English Doctors' Italian Tour

The annual medical tour to spas and other health resorts in Italy in which each year a larger number of British doctors take part will be held from September 18 to October 2. It is organised by the Italian State Tourist Department (E.N.I.T.), and will be accompanied as hitherto by an English-speaking Italian medical doctor. The journey in Italy is performed by special train composed of first-class carriages (no night travel); accommodation is provided at first-class hotels, and a special staff takes charge of the baggage. A programme of receptions, local sightseeing, entertainments, etc., in each place has been arranged. Among the places to be visited are Rome, Acque Abule, Fiuggi, Agnano, Naples, Capri, Ischia, Sorrento, Amalfi, Ravello, Taormina, Acireale, Palermo and Mondello. Each doctor may take a relative. Special railway tickets will be provided to enable participants to make a tour in Italy upon completion of the official programme. Full information is obtainable from Major W. Stormont, delegate for Great Britain of the Italian State Tourist Department, 16, Waterloo Place, Regent Street, S.W.1.

The road past the Morris Works at Cowley is being straightened and nearly doubled in width in accordance with the comprehensive arterial road scheme of the Oxford City Council. This photograph (taken from a recently erected extension of the Morris-Oxford Press building), shows the extent of the improvement effected It also has another interest as it illustrates the highway that something like a third of the total number of cars in use in Britain to-day first felt beneath their wheels

"Duggie" and the Tote

A remarkable offer of service which surely must appeal to all backers on the Totalisator is being offered by Douglas Stuart. This enterprising agent has always given his clients the option of executing their commissions at Totalisator prices since the machine was first introduced. To-day there is no transaction possible on the "Tote" which cannot be equally executed on credit with Douglas Stuart and with additional advantages. Douglas Stuart offers No Limit for Singles, Win or Place. Daily "Tote" doubles and Doubles and Accumulators at "Tote" prices on any race in the programme. Telegrams may be handed in up to the advertised time of the race, or from racecourses up to the "off," thus obviating the necessity of queueing up at the machine.

For Your Wireless

With the rapid spread of electric supplies it is quite evident that the radio of the future will be All-Electric. For the present, by reason of conditions outside the control of the radio engineers, All-Electric sets do not give such pure reception as the battery sets, but this drawback will no doubt soon be overcome. The great advantage of the All-Electric is its convenience—the absence of batteries and accumulators. Owners of battery-operated sets can have this advantage and still retain the high quality reception of their sets by installing a mains unit or, as they are sometimes described, an Eliminator. By coupling this to the electric light supply it provides the high tension current to the set doing away with H.T. battery or accumulator. Provision is also usually made to "trickle charge" the low tension accumulator, so that this usually troublesome accessory is always fully charged and requires no attention beyond the occasional adding of a little distilled water. One of the most popular mains units available at the present time is Clarke's "Atlas" A.C.188 Mains Unit, which was awarded by popular vote the first place at the Olympia Wireless Exhibition. For those technically inclined it may be pointed out that the A.C. 188 has two variable and one fixed tapping, and gives an output of 25 m/A at 150 volts. It is silent and free from hum. It incorporates the Westinghouse metal rectifier, and carries twelve months' guarantee. Any dealer will demonstrate this set, which costs £6, or literature will be sent on application to the makers, Messrs. H. Clarke and Co. (M/cr.), Ltd., Atlas Works, Old Trafford, Manchester.

THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE
Insurance Company, Ltd.
HEAD OFFICES:
45, Dale Street, LIVERPOOL
155, Leadenhall St., LONDON, E.C.3
COMPREHENSIVE MOTOR POLICIES
CHIEF ADMINISTRATION:
7, Chancery Lane, W.C.2

INSURANCE OF MOTOR VEHICLES
Scottish Automobile and General
Head Office: 136-138 Hope Street, Glasgow, C.2.

GET the "Filtrate" HABIT
Also use "Petroyle" for Upper Cylinder Lubrication.
These high-grade oils are OFFICIALLY APPROVED FOR AUSTIN CARS
Send for our Austin Lubrication Chart (available for all models).
Headquarters: Filtrate Works, Leeds. London Depot: 43, Johnson St., S.W.1

THE BYSTANDER
INVERESK HOUSE,
346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 8020.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve months including Double and Xmas Nos.	Six months including Double Nos.	Three months no extras.
At Home	£3 3s. 0d.	£1 11s. 6d.	15s. 9d.
Canada	£3 1s. 0d.	£1 10s. 6d.	15s.3d.
Elsewhere Abroad	£3 7s. 6d.	£1 13s. 9d.	17s. 0d.

In all cases including postage

ORDER FORM

To The Publisher of *The Bystander*, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Please send me The Bystander *weekly for.....months, commencing with the issue of .....*

for which I enclose.....

Name.....

Address.....

Date.....1931

Postage Rates: INLAND 1½d. CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND 1½d. FOREIGN 2½d.

GREY HAIR

naturally recoloured

Success is assured when recolouring with Inecto! This perfect process brings back the natural colour and leaves the hair soft and silky. Only one application is necessary, and this is completed in half an hour.

Treatment can be obtained at the Inecto Salons or at any hairdresser specialising in Inecto recoloration. Further particulars of this permanent process will be gladly sent on request.

INECTO

NEW DAYLIGHT SALONS:

32, DOVER STREET, W.1

Telephone: Regent 7931.

Durward's

TOWN & COUNTRY OVERCOATS

The K.D. 'Aintree'

The "AINTREE" is cut on informal lines, with a luxurious air of combined comfort and smartness. It maintains its predominating popularity among well-dressed men and is especially suitable for sport and travel use. Its good looks are accentuated by the wide range of materials in which it can be obtained . . . . We particularly recommend hand-made Harris Homespuns, Sixonies, Cheviots and West of Englands—all of which add to its "prosperous" atmosphere.

Ready-to-wear or made to order.

From **6** guineas.

Write for patterns and easy form of self-measurement, sent post free on mention of "The Bystander."

KENNETH DURWARD LTD.

37, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Make a dark room light

Few people have the courage to make yellow the keynote of a colour scheme. Yet yellow cheers and invigorates wherever it appears.

Yellow Velure Enamel will make dull rooms light, from sunrise to sunset, and will permanently brighten up dark corners and drab passages. Specify Velure when next you re-decorate. Your decorator finds it quick and easy to work with and will be pleased to use it for you.

Plan your next Decorative Colour Scheme with the aid of the Velure Colour Harmony Chart. Send 6d. in stamps for this fascinating invention.

with Yellow

Velure

ENAMEL

C. CHANCELLOR & CO. LTD.

Proprietors: Jenson & Nicholson, Ltd.

GOSWELL WORKS, STRATFORD, E.15.

New clothes, new thoughts, new hairdressing! All these delights belong to the first weeks of Spring.

Upon such changes, especially as regards hairdressing, depends much of your happiness for the rest of the year. A fresh curl here, a lightsome wave there, and all your beauty is doubly enhanced! You are ready to face the Season's activities knowing that you will be at your best.

May we, therefore, advise you?

PERMANENT WAVING AND CURLING, POSTICHE, HAIR TINTING

EMILE LTD.

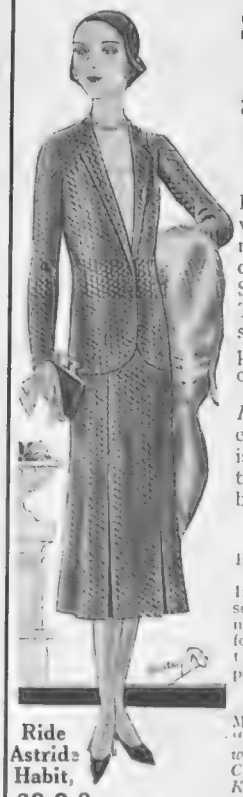
24 & 25 CONDUIT STREET, W.1

'Phone: Mayfair 6263 (3 lines)

Telegrams: "Ondulateur, Piccy, London"

SMEE'S

Est. 1307. 'Phone: Mayfair 1513



Specialité

£6.6.0 Costume

Ladies who wish to economise should call and have a SmeeCostume. The largest selection of patterns to choose from.

Remember each garment is cut and fitted personally by Mr. Smee.

Special Post Order Dept.

If not able to call send for my self-measurement form with patterns. Same personal attention.

Miss S. M. writes: *"I am delighted with the four Costumes made. Kindly keep my measurements."*

Ride Astride Habit, £9.9.0

Only Address—

55, SOUTH MOLTON ST., W.1.

When replying to advertisements please mention

THE BYSTANDER

to ensure prompt attention

CONSULT THE EXPERTS IN TIMBER BUILDING

Browne & Lilly are the acknowledged experts in Timber houses of all types, from the week-end bungalow at £200 to the large country house at £2000. Write for the Browne & Lilly 156-page Free Catalogue No. B.Y. 112.

GARAGES from £10 : 10 to £250

GARDEN SHELTERS and USEFUL SHEDS from £5 to £50

BROWNE & LILLY LTD

THAMES SIDE. READING.

'Phone-587 'Grams-Portable Reading

Superfluous Hair

Gone in 3 Minutes!

VEET not only removes ugly hair on arms and legs instantly, but delays its reappearance for an amazingly long time.

1 Just apply Veet a dainty perfumed cream, straight from the tube.

2 After two minutes, wash away the hairs—not even a shadow remains.

3 And the skin is left as soft and white as if there never had been any ugly hair.

4.000.000 Users

NO UNPLEASANT ODOUR. NO IRRITATION. NO BRISTLY REGROWTH

GOLF

Sports Coat and Plus Fours from **5** Guineas To Order.

Patterns and Self-measurement Forms on application

FREDK. POOLE & CO.

New Address: 20, REGENT ARCADE (Near Oxford Circus)

Tel.: Regent 3104.

Formerly of 219, Oxford Street, London, W.1

A British Lead

in the Shoe world has definitely been given. Tuned into the Fashion Centres of the world, British designers are making SHOES, perfect complements to modern frocks, which are in themselves works of craft.

These from our own Shoe Department incorporate the best in design and workmanship. Confidently we leave it to you to make a practical trial of these BRITISH SHOES.

Something new in **Summer Sandals.** Durable woven canvas of various colourings. Toe-cap and piping in glacé kid; in green, beige, brown, duck-egg blue, black and red.

Price **25/9**

Exceptionally Smart **Afternoon Shoe,** LXV heel, in dull black calf, navy blue, hazel kid, brown glacé, patent leather, black, brown suede.

Price **25/9**

Smart **Tie Shoe,** Spanish LXV heel, in dark bulrush, dull black and dark green calf, navy blue.

Price **29/6**

Smart **Court Shoe,** in brown and white or black calf and white.

Price **29/6**

A smart **Walking Shoe** in semi-brogue, Cuban heel, in dark brown calf and black box calf. Can also be obtained in Oxford style.

Price **49/6**

Sports Shoe in green and white buckskin, chrome sole. Ghillie lacing, fitting with special device to ensure perfect heel grip.

Price **55/-**

Sent on approval.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

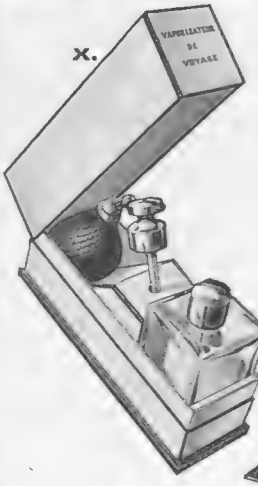
(Debenhams Ltd.)

VERE ST. & OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1

GALERIES LAFAYETTE LTD.

Tel.: Regent 6740. REGENT STREET, W.1

PERFUMES OF THE BEST NAMES, SO NEW AND SO UNCOMMON, AND TOILETTE ARTICLES, DAINTY AND PRACTICAL, ARE INNUMERABLE AT GALERIES LAFAYETTE



w. CHANELS PERFUME 1940: Le Bleu—Le Rouge—Le Beige. Obtainable in 3 sizes: **90/-, 50/-** **27/6**

v. LES COCKTAILS DE JEAN PATOU: Sweet—Bitter Sweet —Dry - - - - - - - **55/-**

x. A CHANEL TRAVELLING SPRAY is most useful for week-ends or holidays; the above is made of clear glass with nickel mount **25/-**

Spring Catalogue sent on application

SPRING MODEL MILLINERY

First Floor.

Le Monnier has given a sweeping line to this graceful Hat in Baku, and the wreath of flowers nestling in the hair is the artist's final touch. Copy **79/6**

Debenham & Freebody

(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)

WIGMORE ST. & WELBECK ST., LONDON, W.1.

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross) ('Phone: Temple Bar 3161.)
SIR OSWALD STOLL presents ERIK CHARELL'S
"WHITE HORSE INN"
A PLAY WITH MUSIC AND DANCE. Daily 2.30 and 8.15.

REGAL Marble Arch Padd. 9911 WALTER HUSTON IN
"THE CRIMINAL CODE"
On the Stage: Excerpts from "Faust"

HOTELS

SPRINGTIME ON THE SOUTH COAST
Recuperate here—at the best situated hotel in lovely St. Leonards, where the spring sunshine is always warm—where every modern luxury goes hand in hand with perfect quiet. Good English food. Famous chef. 100 bedrooms. From 4½ guineas.
THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL
MARINA, ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA. TELEPHONE: HASTINGS 869

ST. AUSTELL
BAY HOTEL, PAR, CORNWALL
THE MOST IDEAL GOLFERS' AND MOTORISTS' RESORT IN ENGLAND
Sunshine and Sea Breezes!
18-Hole Golf Course, Hard Tennis Courts, Hot and Cold Sea Baths, Central Heating, Vita Glass Sun Lounges. Dancing: Famous West Country Band.
Inclusive Terms from £1 : 1 : 0 daily.
Apply Manageress or London Office: 118, Newgate Street, E.C. (National 1163.)

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

Monte Carlo—THE MIRABEAU
Unrivalled situation facing Sea and Casino. Up to date. Open all year.
F. SCHIPPER, *Man. Prop.*

ST. CAST (Near DINARD). Regular Motor-bus Service with Dinard.
HOTEL ROYAL BELLEVUE.
On the Beach. Modern Comfort. 125 Rooms, 50 Baths. 18-hole Golf. Tennis. Fine Water-chute.
Terms: June, July and September, from 9s. August, from 12s.

WHEN REPLYING
to advertisements
please mention
THE BYSTANDER
to ensure prompt attention

The Assurance of Skin-Health in many a home—throughout the world!

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. Shaving Stick 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1. Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

Cuticura *for* PURITY

CONTINENTAL HOTELS.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres, 58, Avenue de Keyser. The most modern and the best clientele.

Bruges.—Hotel de Flandre and Restaurant. First class. Open all year. Garden. Terrace Restaurant in Summer.

Knocke-Zoute.—Golf Hotel.—Best with all comforts. Close to Golf and Tennis. Open all year. C. Neirynck, Proprietor.

Liège. — Hotel de Suede. — The leading hotel of the town. Famous wines, renowned restaurant. 125 rooms with bath and international telephone.

Namur.—Hotel d'Harscamp.—First class. Its Trout, Crayfish, Burgundy Wines. World famous Cuisine and Wines.

Ostend.—Hôtel Providence Regina.—Sea view. 200 rms. American Bar. Restaurant open to non-residents. All modern comfort.

FRANCE.

Amiens (Somme).—Grand Hotel & Restaurant Picardie.—Entirely new. First-class. A model of comfort. A.A. R.A.C.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class res. hotel. Right up to date. Renowned cuisine & cellar. Phone ev.rm. V.lge.garden.

Juan-les-Pins (A.M.).—"Le Provencal." Europe's most distinguished hotel. Open all the sunny year round.

Marseilles.—Grand Hotel de Geneve. Restaurant overlooking Vieux Port. Moderate terms. Every comfort.

Megeve (Hte. Savoie).—Hotel du Mont d'Arbois. 4,166 ft. alt. Mountain golf and tennis. All comfort. Rly. sta. Sallanches.

Menton (A.M.).—Two really good hotels. The Carlton.—Seaside, most comfortable. The Gallia.—In its palm garden.

Hotel de Menton et du Midi.—Select residential hotel. Full south. Sea front. central. Famous restaurant.

Menton.—Hotel Royal and Westminster. Best known Hotel on the sea front. Moderate terms.

Monte Carlo (Monaco). — Etrangers. — Sunny and quiet. First class Hotel. Full pension, including tax, from Frs. 55.

Monte Carlo.—Grand Hotel National.—70 Rooms. Sea View. All Comforts. Full pension from Frs. 45.

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—Newest, first class family Hotel of distinction. Greatest comfort at moderate terms. 200 rooms.

FRANCE—*continued.*

Nice (A.M.).—Hotel Majestic. 400 Rooms. 300 Baths. Perfect but not prohibitive.

St. Jean de Luz (B.P.) Les Flots Bleus. Facing sea; in quiet and ideal situation. Moderate terms; all comforts.

PARIS.

Atlantic Hotel.—44, Rue de Londres (near Gare St. Lazare).

Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Hotel du Rhone.—5, Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau, 5—(Louvre).—All mod. com. Pen. terms: 9s. to 12s. Eng. speak. staff.

SWITZERLAND.

Basle.—Hotel Schweizerhof.—Opp. Federal Railway Sta. First class, leading. Every mod. comf. Manag. Prop., E. Goetzinger.

Berne.—Bellevue Palace and Bernerhof.—The only first-class Hotel overlooking river and Bernese Alps. Manager, F. Eggiman.

Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage. Leading Hotel for English and American Clientele. Facing the Lake and Mont Blanc.

Geneva.—Carlton Hotel.—Every comfort. Moderate charges. Beautiful park. View over lake and Mt. Blanc. Tennis. Garage. Ideal stay for a holiday.

Geneva.—Hotel de la Paix.—Facing Lake and Mont Blanc. Up to date. Select and quiet. Inclusive from fs. 18.

Lausanne.—The Belvedere Hotel.—1st cl. fam. hotel. Hot and cold running water. Priv. bathroom. Inc. terms. Frs. 13 to 18.

Lausanne.—Grand Hotel de la Paix.—Beautifully situated, splendid view on lake and Alps. Restaurant Grill. Echenard, Mgr.

Samaden (Engadine).—Hotel Bernina.—First-class. Nearest to the famous golf course, 18 holes.

Spiez (L. Thun).—The Belvedere.—Exquisitely appointed hotel where one enjoys a harmonious atmosphere of rest and quiet in most beautiful scenery.

Vevey.—Le Grand Hotel et Palace. Beautiful park on Lake Geneva. Tennis plage. Garages. Inclusive terms from 16 fs.

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free)
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.
The First Special Hospital in London devoted to Cancer Treatment and Research.
AN URGENT APPEAL IS MADE FOR £150,000 for a new Radiological Block and other extensions which will add 80 beds to the Hospital.
AND ALSO FOR RADIUM.
Bankers:—Messrs. COUTTS & CO., 440, STRAND, W.C. J. COURTNEY BUCHANAN, *Secretary*.

ETRETAT
BY THE SEA IN BEAUTIFUL NORMANDY
SPRING SEASON—SUMMER SEASON.
From England via Southampton-Havre or Newhaven-Dieppe.
27 kilomètres from Havre. 80 kilomètres from Dieppe.
18-hole Golf Course with Magnificent Sea View
EXCELLENT HOTELS & PENSIONS. BEAUTIFUL WALKS.
All information from: Syndicat d'Initiative, Etretat (Seine-Inférieure), France.

D·H·Evans

Now Ready!

24 Page Book of the New *Twilfit* Regd.

Models for Spring 1931

WRITE FOR COPY SENT POST FREE.

English Made. Fully Guaranteed.

MODEL O1558.BY.

New Twilfit Corselet Model for full figures. The new method of adjustment on hips gives extra support to the figure and longer life to the elastic. Made from handsome brocade, with Swathelene front. Prov. patented elastic on hips. Bust sizes: 36–44 ins. Post free **25/-**

D. H. EVANS & CO., LTD., OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1. 'Phone: Mayfair 8800.

PERMANENT WAVING—

NATURALNESS of wave is one of the most attractive charms in permanent waving. This special characteristic is very marked in all systems adopted by Phyllis Earle.

While the style is always distinctive, there is also a daintiness of finish, for the most interested care is taken to make your hair part of your personal charm. Guaranteed six months, waving by Phyllis Earle is strictly moderate.

Whole Head from **£3-13-6.** Half Head, **£3-3-0.** Side Pieces, **£1-5-0.**

Immediate attendance can always be arranged or an appointment can be made by telephone. Specialists also in recoloration of grey hair with Inecto.

PHYLLIS EARLE SALONS

32, DOVER STREET, W.1 Telephone · Regent 7931 (8 lines)

THE NORFOLK BROADS

for Holidays

200 MILES OF SAFE INLAND WATERWAYS

NO LIMIT TO THE VARIETY AND FREEDOM

A UNIQUE HOLIDAY WITH 101 ALLURING POSSIBILITIES

CRUISE, SAIL, ROW or WALK WHERE YOU WILL

Details of over 600 Wherries, Yachts, Motor Cruisers, etc., for hire are included in "NORFOLK BROADS HOLIDAYS AFLOAT," 300 pages, price 6d. Blake's Norfolk Broads, 12, Broadland House, 22, Newgate St., London, E.C.1, or through all Bookstalls.

TRAVEL TO THE BROADS BY RAIL

Particulars of Train Service, Cheap Fares etc. and Illustrated Booklets from any L·N·E·R or L·M·S Inquiry Office or Agency.

BEDFORD

An inexpensive little model that looks smart in town or country. It is made from the softest fur felt, with neatly stitched crown and brim, and is trimmed with silk band in shade to tone. In all the most popular shades. **17/11**

A beautifully illustrated catalogue of Nicoll Hats will be sent post free on request.

NICOLL'S of 120, REGENT ST., W.

BY APPOINTMENT TO

H.M. THE QUEEN

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

An old Adam carved sidetable with pedestals and vases

M. HARRIS & SONS

44 to 52, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

GENUINE ANTIQUE FURNITURE AND WORKS OF ART

AN

ISLAND HOTEL OFF THE DEVON COAST!

Picture the most up-to-date Hotel in Europe, standing on the Island which it owns, and including every attraction that the most hard-to-please could demand—from tennis and golf at its best on the Hotel's Courts and links, to Smugglers' Caves and Pirates' lore.

Furnishing and catering are unsurpassed. There is bathing from the sun porch in a pool renewed each tide, fishing, boating, climbing, exploring, wonderful views and breezes from the Atlantic Ocean.

Here will be found rest, relaxation, glorious air warmed by the Southern sun, excellent sport and good food. Can the holiday seeker desire more?

Write for illustrated and detailed Brochure to the RESIDENT MANAGER.

BURGH ISLAND HOTEL

BIGBURY-ON-SEA

SOUTH DEVON

V.P.

See your own Country First!

"I was shamed to think I had wandered so far and so often over the world, neglecting those lovely things near at home."

(*H. V. Morton "In Search of England."*)

Select your Holiday Resort this year from the big Great Western Railway Guide

The only Holiday Guide you need.

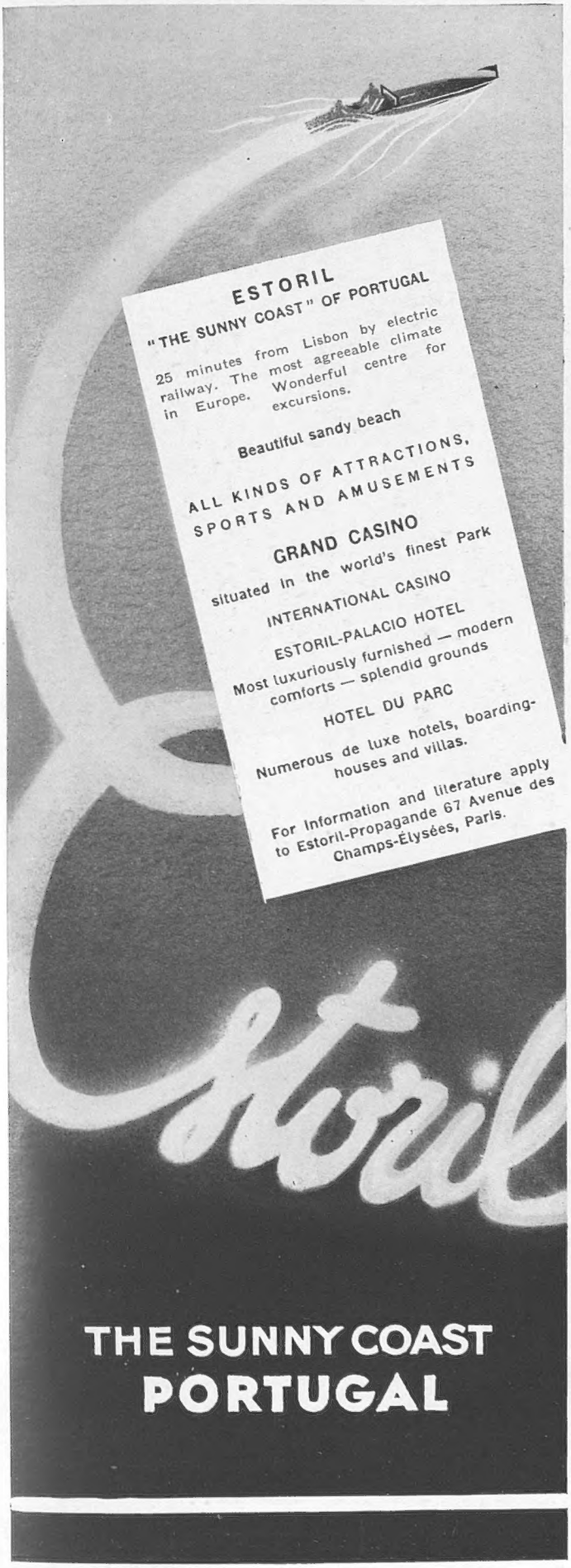
1,000 PAGES. Over 8,000 Addresses of Hotels, Boarding Houses, etc. Hundreds of photogravure views and descriptions of Britain's Best Holiday Resorts.

Revised Letterpress by Maxwell Fraser.

THIS WONDERFUL SIXPENNYWORTH is obtainable at all G.W.R. Stations, Offices and Bookstalls; from leading Booksellers and Newsagents throughout the Country; or by post from the Superintendent of the Line, G.W.R., Paddington Station, London, W.2 (no charge for postage).

SUNSHINE, FLOWERS, UNCHANGING BLUE SKIES

SEASON ALL YEAR ROUND


ESTORIL
"THE SUNNY COAST" OF PORTUGAL
25 minutes from Lisbon by electric railway. The most agreeable climate in Europe. Wonderful centre for excursions.
Beautiful sandy beach
ALL KINDS OF ATTRACTIONS, SPORTS AND AMUSEMENTS
GRAND CASINO
situated in the world's finest Park
INTERNATIONAL CASINO
ESTORIL-PALACIO HOTEL
Most luxuriously furnished — modern comforts — splendid grounds
HOTEL DU PARC
Numerous de luxe hotels, boarding-houses and villas.
For information and literature apply to Estoril-Propagande 67 Avenue des Champs-Élysées, Paris.
Estoril
THE SUNNY COAST
PORTUGAL

Catalogue post free.
Sent on approval.

THE NEW SECOND FLOOR

The grouping of salons on our newly designed second floor for Tea or Dressing Gowns, Lingerie, Pyjamas, Woven Underwear and Corsets, fulfils a long felt need, as our clientele are saved both time and trouble. These sections open one into the other, the floor is private, quiet and affords every comfort and convenience whilst inspecting our display of exclusive novelties

CHARMING PYJAMA in ladderless rayon milanese, sleeveless jumper of plain material, wide leg trouser with flat band, embroidered design to contrast. In saxe/pink, black/white, cherry/black, lemon/white, also in plain shades of pink, black, ivory, lemon, saxe, cyclamen and biscuit.

35/9

With long coat and sleeves to the wrist, complete, **69/6.**

Debenham & Freebody.
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street
(Cavendish Square) London W.1

HARVEY NICHOLS

have a most attractive range of frocks and ensembles for the pleasant hour of afternoon tea.

HERE'S a charming example, in flowered crêpe de Chine. The frock is tucked in semi-bolero effect and has the new short sleeve. Its very graceful coat is also tucked; there are smart encrusted bands at waist and elbow. In shades of champagne, green, blue and brown; also in black.

8½ gns.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1.

'Duggie' explains— *Reliability*

Sir Edward : "I was with Major Drapling at Lincoln last Wednesday when he wired you a 'pony' each way Leopardus. He told me that he meant Leonidas, which won at 66—1, and was delighted to receive your cheque for over £2,000."

Duggie : "It was quite correct, Sir Edward."

Sir Edward : "He is of the opinion that you have been over-generous and wondered how you discovered his real intention."

Duggie : "Easily explained. Leopardus was not entered for any race on that day. Leonidas was the only animal with a similar name. As you are aware, Sir Edward, in such cases I try to interpret my client's real intention."

Sir Edward : "But the Major, talking the matter over with Lord Matcham, Chairman of Fromersall's Committee, who is rightly considered an expert, was informed that if Leonidas had lost you'd have had no claim."

Duggie : "Perfectly true."

Sir Edward : "In that case, Stuart, aren't you laying yourself open to be taken advantage of by unscrupulous backers?"

Duggie : "I should be most reluctant to think any of my clients would take the slightest advantage of me. I hold the highest possible opinion of the British sportsman."

Sir Edward : "Splendid! By the way, Stuart, what about the 'Tote'?"

Duggie : "There is no facility offered by the 'Tote,' Sir Edward, which my clients may not enjoy, and, of course, on credit."

"Duggie Explains" series are based on actual conversations held with clients, but names used are entirely fictitious.

"Duggie" is Waiting to Open an Account with You.

Douglas Stuart

"STUART HOUSE," SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON

Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE CORNWALL PRESS LTD., 1-6, Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED at Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. April 22, 1931.
Entered as second class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited